Saturday Review

AUGUST 9, 1958 / 25¢

Bernt Balchen, author of "Come North With Me." (See page 12)

AN ADVENTURE IN RED TAPE

By Eleanor S. Lowman

"DON GIOVANNI" IN V

By Irving Kolodin

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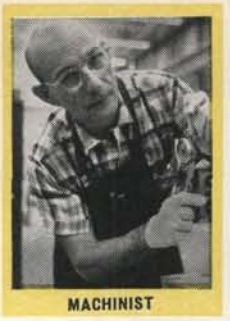
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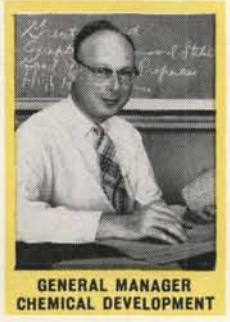
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What

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It takes profits to make jobs. Profits make possible research and development that lead to new, appealing products, to new jobs and even to whole new industries. They make possible plant improvement and expansion for more production and more jobs. By rewarding share owners who risk their savings in a business, profits attract the capital required to operate and expand a business.

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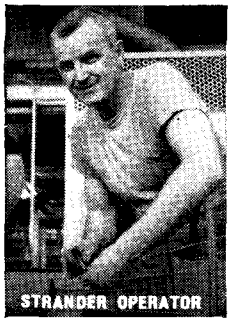
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makes jobs?

It takes a job well done to make jobs. No company can stay in business very long if it cannot make products that are competitive in price and performance. This calls for the highest-quality workmanship and the greatest efficiency on the part of all employees. By providing the exciting product features and innovations that people want and will buy, a company earns the profits it needs to expand and create more jobs.

What, then, makes jobs? In America's economy, jobs are created by the actions and decisions of millions of people: customers who seek the product values that will help to enrich their lives; share owners who invest capital to develop these new and improved products; and employees who take pride in doing their jobs well, and who use their skills to build more value into the products they make.

This system, in which jobs are generated, not by the government or by some other agency, but by individuals, is the real key to America's economic progress.

• • •

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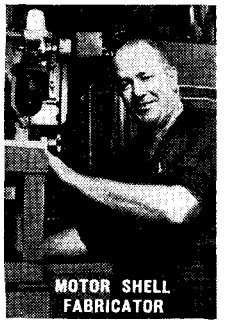
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Ten new Anchor Books have been published in the past two months. They are:

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"Four Existentialist Theologians," a reader from the works of Maritain, Berdyaev, Buber and Tillich, selected by Will Herberg, $1.25.

"The Negro Question," a selection of writings on civil rights in the South by George W. Cable, edited by Arlin Turner, 95¢.

"A Piece of My Mind," essays by Edmund Wilson, 95¢.

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 9, 1958

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SR/IDEAS

7 An Adventure in Red Tape, by Eleanor S. Lowman

10 A Writer Looks at Writing, by Erskine Caldwell

16 Thoughts for the Summit: An Editorial by Leo Tolstoy

19 "Don Giovanni" in Vancouver, by Irving Kolodin

SR/BOOKS

11 Literary Horizons

12 Come North With Me, by Bernt Balchen
Reviewed by Finn Ronne

13 Part of a Long Story, by Agnes Boulton Kaufman
Reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch

14 The Road to Wigan Pier, by George Orwell
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

26 Ten Contemporary Polish Stories, edited by Edmund Ordon; The Broken Mirror, edited by Pawel Mayewski
Reviewed by Waclaw Jedrzejewicz

27 Johannes, by Renate C. Wolff
Reviewed by Richard Plant

28 The Shaping of the Modern World, by Maurice Bruce
Reviewed by C. Northcote Parkinson

29 The Montesi Scandal, by Wayland Young
Reviewed by Stan Swinton

30 Tomorrow Is Mañana, by Shirley Deane
Reviewed by Walter Starkie

31 Poems, 1947-1957, by William Jay Smith
Reviewed by John Holmes

33 Prosperity Without Inflation, by Arthur F. Burns
Reviewed by Carl Kaysen

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds

17 Letters to the Editor

22 *SR* Goes to the Movies

23 TV and Radio

24 Booked for Travel

26 Literary I.Q.

35 Literary Crypt

39 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1272

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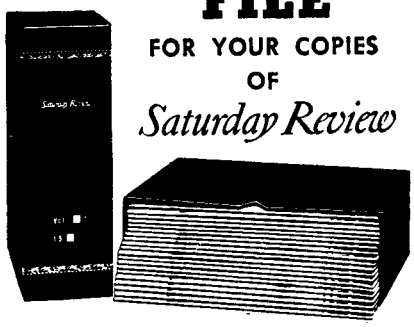

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TRADE Winds

IT'S TIME NOW to clear out the mail bin, which is bulging with fruitful information and intelligence of major import. Thanks to assorted TRADE WINDS readers, we are at last able to make out the definitive invitation list for the most Totally-Confused Cocktail Party of All Time. Bob Niedelman, of Sussman & Sugar, publishers' advertising agency, starts it off with this communication:

" . . . the identities of authors we're chatting with are not only confused and confounded, but curiously mis-mated as well.

"We have just turned away from Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Lewis Taylor, and Robert Lewis Shayon to greet Taylor and Erskine Caldwell; Flannery and Frank O'Connor; Nancy and Angus Wilson Ross; Betty and Robert Paul Smith; Rebecca and Nathaniel West; Virginia and Thomas Wolfe; and, of course, The Duke and Kathleen Winsor. (Not to mention those two titans of literature we found while reaching for our seventh gin: Henry James Joyce and Upton Sinclair Lewis Carroll.)"

BUT THIS IS ONLY the beginning of our list. Frances Burgasser of Buffalo would add: Joseph Conrad, Conrad Aiken, Joyce Kilmer, James Joyce, Wendell Phillips, Phillips Brooks, Matthew Arnold, Arnold Bennett, Bennett Cerf, Bertrand Russell, J.

Russell Lowell, Lowell Thomas, Jane Austen, and Jane Austin.

JEAN VERMES of New York would like to include Zona Gale, Gloria Gale, Storm Jameson, Theodor Storm, Nancy Hale, Edward Everette Hale, William MacLeod Raine, Edgar Parks Snow, Wilbert Snow, John Blow, Wyndham Lewis—all of which would add up to an extremely breezy party, adding to the confusion.

MEANWHILE, OUT IN Oskaloosa, Iowa, Mrs. Carl Woodford rightfully insists that the party would not be complete without Alfred Einstein and Albert Einstein, while Ellen Bowman of Lynchburg, Virginia, urges that a few artists should be thrown in; Norman Rockwell, Rockwell Kent, Norman Kent. Of course, we could add John Cecil Holm and John Clellon Holmes, along with Oliver Wendell. And John Jordan of Darrington, Washington, is kind enough to include Edmund Fuller and this correspondent.

IN NEW ROCHELLE, New York, Donald Brown would be extremely unhappy unless we included Laura Z. Hobson and Zora Neale Hurston. And he adds the final stinger: Winston Churchill and Winston Churchill.

This recalls an incident involving both the Churchills. As the British Churchill began to come into prominence, he became aware of the American novelist of the same name. He wrote and suggested that the American might want to add a middle initial to his name to avoid confusion. Novelist Churchill wrote back in no uncertain terms that he had been writing books for a good deal longer than the young Britisher, and that if anyone was to take on an extra initial, it had blasted well better be the gentleman on the east side of the Atlantic.

From that moment on, the British statesman has been signing his books Winston *S.* Churchill.

DEEPER DOWN IN the mail bin, we learn more about why Philadelphia suffers the slings and arrows of outrageous quips. Charles Lane of North Haven, Connecticut, reminds us of the radio quiz program which sometime ago offered: First Prize: One week in Philadelphia, all expenses paid. Second Prize: Two weeks in Philadelphia, all expenses paid.

And Franklin Overcarsh tells of the man whose doctor told him he had only six months to live. He promptly moved to Philadelphia. "It may be only six months," he said. "But it'll seem like a lifetime."

Overcarsh goes on to say that he thinks the whole nasty business was started by playwrights whose efforts never got beyond the Philadelphia tryouts.

Harriet Stolorow, of Jackson, Michigan, writes that a Philly often turns out to be a nag, or else is too quick with a neigh.

But, in any event, none of the correspondents is from Philadelphia itself, which has remained mute, possibly preferring to answer calumny with silence.

FROM PAOLI, PENNSYLVANIA, perilously close to Philadelphia, Leonard Greenberg writes in to tell us about the poet who turned from writing verse to singing—thereby going from bard to voice. Ed Goodwin, of Darien, Connecticut, informs us of the dissipated record-spinner at a radio station: "He's a slipped-disc jockey," Goodwin writes. Don Fitzwater, of Scarsdale, New York, reports another mink story: A mink who gave up psychoanalysis because it couldn't achieve a

trans*fur*ance. And Agencyman Walter Weir completes the full cycle of "tern" jokes with the story of the piano player who tuned the piano backwards, leaving no tone unsterned.

MORE BOSTON TAXIDRIVER stories have come in. Dorothy Mott, from Washington, encountered a driver who had Boston all figured out.

"This is my first visit here," Mrs. Mott said to him. "Everyone seems friendly."

Said the driver: "Yeah, they are—till ya get to know 'em!"

And novelist Cid Ricketts Sumner writes to let us know that she feels almost *any* Boston taxidriver could supply Dale Warren at Houghton Mifflin with material for a book.

"I took a taxi not long ago to R. H. Stearns, a destination which in Boston is enough to establish one socially," she writes. "To my astonishment and delight the driver leaped from his seat, opened the door for me. I expressed my pleasure, adding, 'They don't do this in New York.'

"He bowed, saying: 'But here, madam, we are Proper Bostonians!' "

A NEW LITERARY AGENCY is a tough thing to get off the ground. Within the past ten months, Herb Jaffe and his associates have completed signed contracts for thirty books with publishers. Jaffe has set up his agency on the premise that no literary property exists in single form; that from the inception of any creative idea, it should be considered for all fields at once: Novel, magazine serialization, motion picture, stage, television.

"This doesn't mean," says Jaffe, "that the writer should concentrate on anything but the job at hand. If he's

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On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Today let us apply the hot white light of sustained thinking to the greatest single problem besetting American colleges. I refer, of course, to homesickness.

It is enough to rend the heart, walking along a campus at night and listening to entire dormitories sobbing themselves to sleep. And in the morning, when the poor, lorn students rise from their tear-stained pallets and refuse their breakfasts and shamble off to class, their lips trembling, their eyelids gritty, it is enough to turn the bones to aspic.

What can be done to overcome homesickness? Well sir, the obvious solution is for the student to put his home on rollers and bring it to college with him. This, however, presents three serious problems:

1) It is likely to play hob with your wine cellar; many wines, as we all know, will not travel.

2) There is the matter of getting your house through the Holland Tunnel, which has a clearance of only 14 feet, 8 inches. This, of course, is ample for ranch houses, but quite impossible for Cape Cods, Georgians, and Saltboxes, and I, for one, think it would be a flagrant injustice to deny higher education to students from Cape Cod, Georgia, and Saltbox.

3) There is the question of public utilities. Your house—and, of course, all the other houses in your town—has wires leading to the municipal power plant, pipes leading to the municipal water supply and gas main. So you will find when you start rolling your house to college that you are, willy-nilly, dragging all the other houses in town with you. This will result in gross population shifts and will make the Bureau of the Census cross as bears.

No, I'm afraid that taking your house to college is not feasible. The thing to do, then, is to make your campus lodgings as close a replica of your home as possible.

Adorn your quarters with familiar objects, things that will constantly remind you of home. Your brother, Sam, for instance. Or your citizenship papers. Or a carton of Marlboros.

There is nothing like Marlboros, dear friends, to make you feel completely at home. They're so easy, so friendly, so welcome, so likable. The filter is great. The flavor is marvelous. The Flip-Top Box is wonderful. The tattoo is optional.

Decorating your diggings with familiar objects is an excellent remedy for homesickness, but it is not without its hazards. Take, for instance, the case of Tignor Sigafoos and Estabrook Raunch who were assigned to share a room last fall in the freshman dorm.

Tignor, an ice-skating addict from Minnesota, brought with him 44 barrels over which he had jumped the previous winter to win the Minnesota Jumping-Over-Barrels Championship. Estabrook, a history major, from Massachusetts, brought Plymouth Rock.

Well sir, there was simply not enough room for 44 barrels and Plymouth Rock too. Tignor and Estabrook fell into such a violent quarrel that the entire dorm was kept awake for twelve days and twelve nights. Finally the Dean of Men was called in to adjudicate the dispute. He listened carefully to both sides of the argument, then took Tignor and Estabrook and pierced their ears and sold them to gypsies.

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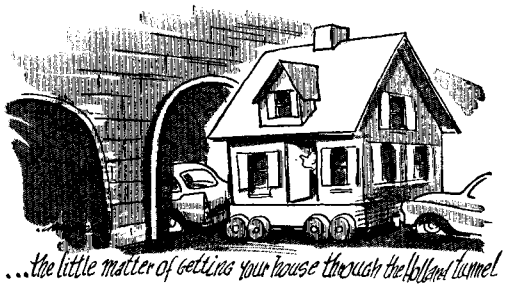

...the little matter of getting your house through the Holland Tunnel

* * *

And now all is quiet in the dorm, and everyone sits in peace and smokes his Marlboros, whose makers bring you this column throughout the school year.

doing a novel, he should think only of a novel. But the agent should put out feelers immediately on the completion of the work, and develop the other values simultaneously to get maximum effect when the work is fresh and new."

It's a little like the two people going in to see C. B. deMille's "The Ten Commandments."

One of them said: "Do you think we'll like the picture as well as the Book?"

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, Jason Lindsey has designed a game calculated to drive you mad. Or rather a couple of games. He has gone on the search for palindromes—those words which are spelled the same way forward or backward. He has come up with more than we have space for, but to list a few: ere, bib, did, bob, dud, eke, ewe, eye, kayak, level, refer, radar, reviver, rotator, deified. Not content with this, he goes on to compile a formidable list of words which spell *another* word backwards: straw, warts; diaper, repaid; stinker, reknits; deliver, reviled; dessert, tressed—these are just a few of his staggering list of semordnilap (palindromes spelled backwards).

We doubt if we could net ten, to close with one quick reversal.

FROM BEDFORD VILLAGE, New York, Carol Chambers writes in to tell us about the cold, clear logic of the five-year-old mind:

"My daughter Martha," she writes, "was acting impossibly the other day—after a long siege of angelic goodness. When I asked her why she was acting this way, especially on vacation at the shore, she said: 'Do you remember when I asked you why time seemed to go so quickly at the seashore? And you said it was because we were so happy?

"I recalled this, and told her so.

"'That's why I'm bad now,' she said. 'I want it to last longer!'"

It's a little like Philadelphia again—in reverse. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1271)

WARDER CLYDE ALLEE:

BIOLOGY

(Chapter from "What Is Science?", edited by James R. Newman)

Social orders of dominance are clearly developed in many small flocks of hens. Frequently hen A pecks B, both peck C, and so through the flock, without any of the hens pecking back at her superiors. The individual of lowest rank pecks none and is pecked by all.

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 9, 1958

AN ADVENTURE IN RED TAPE

One Woman's Fight to Sound the Alarm

By ELEANOR S. LOWMAN

OCTOBER, 1957: the first Soviet Sputnik orbited around the earth. American complacency snapped. Surprise; chagrin; curiosity. How had they done it? Shortly thereafter part of the answer to Soviet scientific and technical progress rolled off the U.S. Government printing press: a bright red book entitled "Education in the USSR." This comprehensive report, underscoring the size and intensity of the Soviet educational system, was released by the U.S. Office of Education with much ballyhoo. Public interest was ripe. Within two days the entire first edition of 10,000 copies was sold out—unique in the history of Office of Education publications.

Immediately, full-page spreads and long articles devoted to material in the book appeared in many magazines and newspapers. Some of the scientists appearing before Congressional committees used data from the book in their testimony concerning the advance in Soviet science. Leading American educators, including Secretary Folsom of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and the Commissioner of Education, began incorporating highlights of the book in speeches.

A week later many of the nation's newspapers carried the story of charges of "suppression, inaccuracy, distortion, and delay of material of national import," charges made by the author of "Education in the USSR" in a letter to the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare.

I was the author of that book. I made those charges of "suppression, distortion, etc." Why? What had happened?

It all began some eight years ago in Washington, D. C., with a stack of charts and a series of briefings by my immediate supervisor and co-worker, an earnest young man in the intelligence service. His charts showed clearly the spectacular rate at which the Soviet Union was increasing its reservoir of scientists and engineers.

Although the number of college students in the United States was much larger than that of the USSR, only 20 per cent of American graduates were majoring in science; in the USSR 50 per cent were science majors. Each year the United States was training large numbers of engineers, but the Soviet Union was annually turning out twice as many. While there were many more people in the United States with a higher education and advanced training in science and engineering than there were in the USSR, when it came down to the number actually being employed in each economy, both countries had about the same. This was the relative status of American and Soviet scientific and technical manpower. The trends were even more startling.

More students were majoring in astronomy at a single Soviet higher educational institution than in all American schools combined. Each year the flood of students wanting to study physics in Soviet universities was increasing. The picture for other fields of science was the same.

THE implication? Unless the United States undertook new measures to increase our own facilities for scientific education, to attract a greater number of able students into science studies,

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Chicago Fire

By Byron Vazakas

THE big wind off Lake Michigan glassed-in
blue branches; and a beebee rain shot up
the park down from the iced baywindow where
my six years watched my Uncle's University.
How could I know, come Monday, that ill wind
would screw our fired hotel to twisted black
turned inside out of Prince of Pilsen tunes,
and lithograph a World's Fair like a Currier?

Soviet scientific and technological manpower in key areas would greatly outnumber ours within the next decade.

Numbers, though, are only part of the story. What about quality? How good were these Soviet graduates? How were they being trained? Did the type of education they received make them adaptable to work in related fields? What measures were employed in the USSR to attract so many students into science and engineering? These were a few of the questions raised by my colleagues in the government. My next assignment? Find the answers.

My source of information? It came from everywhere. I believe I reviewed every book and article bearing on the subject in the Library of Congress and in a number of the other major libraries in the U.S. I spent many hours interviewing and reading the accounts of Americans who had visited the USSR. And of course I had access to all classified material available in the government.

I followed Soviet educational journals, noting what Soviet educators were saying about the strengths and weaknesses of their educational practices. Soviet newspapers were scanned for education statistics. Soviet teachers and government education officials visiting the United States readily answered questions about current problems, solutions being attempted, future plans.

Then there were the people who had been to school in the USSR. Those who had also studied in the U.S. or in Western Europe in addition to the Soviet Union were particularly questioned for their opinions about differences, similarities, things well done, things done poorly. Especially valuable comments were supplied by former Soviet teachers and professors, some of whom are now teaching in the United States. (Interestingly enough, while all of the former Soviet citizens I consulted had left the Soviet Union largely because of their detestation for the Communist regime and the Soviet way of life, they nevertheless tended to look back upon their education with respect.)

The data began to stack up. There was indeed more to Soviet education than mere Communist indoctrination. It was a systematic, efficient, methodical effort to supply the Soviet State with trained manpower of every conceivable type. Students were not regarded as individuals; rather, they were a prized national resource. As such, the education to which they were subjected had to be effective. It had to produce. It had to show a profit to the State for the time and money expended by graduating specialists fully as competent as those in the West.

Findings indicating the substantial caliber of Soviet scientific and technological training began to be supported by American scientists concerned with the actual achievements of these Soviet graduates. True, Soviet biology had suffered in the field of genetics as a result of politically supported but scientifically unacceptable data. But in the physical sciences and in engineering, ideology gave way to fact.

Soviet work in mathematics and meteorology was found to be not only on a par with that in the United States, but in some respects ahead. Chemistry and physics, too, were found to be healthy and flourishing. At a time when Soviet science was regarded as something of a joke by the American public at large, increasing numbers of American scientists were coming across examples of Soviet research which excited their interest and commanded their respect.

The task of informing the American people about the Soviet effort in science and education was begun. The National Science Foundation and the National Academy of Sciences particularly exerted much leadership in this direction. Jointly they sponsored a study of Soviet professional manpower based upon the best information then available; it is still regarded as a classic compendium of facts and figures on the training and supply of Soviet scientists and technical personnel.

But arousing a smug America to the critical challenge presented by an all out Soviet endeavor "to overtake and surpass" us was a difficult job. Not only was the public apathetic, but even numerous government officials refused to believe the accumulating evidence. How could a people subjected to authoritarian thought control possibly be doing anything worthy of American respect, much less concern?

Still, the increasing flow of information made public about Soviet scientific and technical training began to be reflected in the mounting mail received by the U.S. Office of Education. Was it true that Soviet teachers earned more money than did their American colleagues? Had the curriculum which every Soviet high school graduate completed really allocated 40 per cent of the time to direct study of science subjects? Were 65 per cent of the Soviet college students actually studying English? The stack of requests for specific information about all aspects of Soviet education prompted the Office to obtain the services of someone to write a factual presentation of the Soviet educational system.

Because of my strategic position in the government it was almost inevitable that I should be invited to undertake this assignment. After all, I had had a unique opportunity to become acquainted with the most up-to-date information then available. To quote former Secretary of the Air Force Donald A. Quarles, my knowledge of Soviet educational policies and practices was "unique in the West."

I accepted the job. Nine months later the manuscript was finished. It was completed in spite of the complete lack of administrative support. The Office of Education simply was not geared to cope with an Iron Curtain country.

Because the Office had no applicable data of any type, I had to supply all my own reference materials. To do this I had to buy out of my own pocket all books and journals needed. I had to establish my own liaison lines with other governmental agencies. I had to find my own reviewers.

THERE was no one in the Office of Education competent to examine the book critically, I was told, so I asked colleagues in other branches of the government and various specialists in the field of Soviet affairs to go over the manuscript in sections and as a whole. Many of them spent long hours checking it over at no compensation for their time and effort.

Their suggestions were carefully incorporated and integrated into the final draft. It was submitted to the editorial division. One of the finest editors in the Office of Education then worked on the manuscript for three months—checking statistical tables, eliminating repetitious material, coordinating the graphic material, cull-

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ing for inconsistencies, hunting for possibly misleading statements. It was marked for the press and ready to go October 1, 1956.

I don't suppose any author is ever completely satisfied with a book he has written. But under the circumstances and in the time allotted, it was a reputable job. I was not ashamed to sign my name to it.

Immediately after turning in the finished manuscript I was asked to leave. There was no more money, I was told, to keep me on the staff. There would no longer be a Soviet desk. But there would be a desk for education in Latin America, for Western Europe, for the Far East, and for the Middle East and Africa. This, despite a specific request from the Defense Department that the Soviet studies be continued.

Two months before I was asked to leave, Secretary Folsom had been sent two letters. One was from the Secretary of Defense and one was from the Secretary of the Air Force.

Charles E. Wilson expressed appreciation for "the assistance" I had given to the Defense Department on Soviet education, commenting that it "was of the highest quality." In closing his letter he wrote that his department considered my work on Soviet education "a valuable contribution to national security."

Donald A. Quarles, then Secretary of the Air Force, wrote that in preparing briefings for technological planning in the Department of Defense, the Air Force placed "much reliance" on my work. He said he felt strongly about the value of keeping abreast of Soviet educational achievements, commenting — with greater foresight than he realized—that "the importance of these studies may not be recognized fully within the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare."

I left. I accepted an appointment with the National Science Foundation. Later I became a consultant to the State Department on Soviet education.

The months went by. Winter became spring. Still no word on my manuscript. "It is being read for policy," I was told. Finally I learned it had gone to press—without my having seen it and despite repeated assurances that I would. I was told there had really been no reason for my giving it a last review.

Summer became fall, and no galley proofs arrived. One day in October—more than a year after it was completely ready for publication—I called again to ask about the galleys. I was greeted with: "The page proofs are here if you care to see them."

The next morning down at the Office of Education I saw my manuscript for the first time since it had left the editorial division over a year before. I was stunned. Apparently it had been turned over to people in the Office of Education who knew nothing about the subject matter, who knew nothing about editing, and who were not adept journalists. The manuscript had been cut in half, but not with any discretion. There had been no attempt to keep a balanced presentation or to eliminate less essential material.

Much valuable information on Soviet education especially included in the manuscript at the request of the Department of Defense, the Committee for the Development of Scientists and Engineers, the Office of Defense Mobilization, the National Science Foundation, and intelligence agencies in the Government—to name a few—was deleted.

FOR some reason many paragraphs had been completely reworded with the result that they not only contained errors but were in many instances longer than the original paragraphs.

The entire chapter on administration of Soviet education—difficult to understand at best—was now cut up, devoid of its explanatory chart, and inserted piecemeal throughout the book.

The section on financing education was scarcely recognizable. It now made no reference to the fact that in the USSR over 10 per cent of the national income was spent on education while less than 3 per cent of ours was. Sections outlining the method of financing education in the USSR had been taken out and new paragraphs inserted on what we in the United States were doing with respect to financing our education and how we were doing it—interesting to be sure, but a bit out of place since there was now no data on Soviet financing with which to compare it.

As might be expected, when wholesale deletions and rewordings are undertaken by non-specialists in the subject matter, errors crept in. Some were comical: "As the preceding examples show . . ." And there were no preceding examples; they had been cut out.

Some errors were careless: In discussing such qualitative factors affecting higher education as the national figure of over three applicants per one acceptance in Soviet colleges, the passage reads "Three applicants per vacancy in the philological faculty of Leningrad University . . ." It had been my purpose to show that while the national average was over three, the range was from as many as fourteen applicants per vacancy at the philological faculty of the University of Leningrad to a low of eleven applicants for 300 vacancies in the Kharkov

(*Continued on page* 36)

"Prentice wants to help people but he doesn't know how."

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A WRITER LOOKS AT WRITING

By ERSKINE CALDWELL

CONTRARY-MINDED I may be, yet when I think of the arts—though most respectful of their many and various grandeurs—I think not of painting and sculpture and music, but of writing. And when I think of writing, I think not of poetry and sonnets—and likewise with all due respect for poets and sonneteers—but my thoughts are of fiction in its two related forms of novel and short story.

Just the same, I do not consider myself as being a member of the cult of literature—either of the classical school or of the "beat generation." As the word itself has become defined in my own mind, literature implies a graceful treading along a prescribed course and a conformity to the sensibilities of prejudiced minds. For that reason alone, I would want to get up and leave, because I am not quiet-spoken and I do not have a velvet touch. I behave like a heavy-handed boilermaker in the literary field. I like to hammer—hammer—hammer.

What I do endeavor to be, day by day and year by year, is a story-teller in the written word. And if there is such a thing as the art of storytelling, I must admit to it, because here I strive, with the use of words and the meanings of words and the arrangement of words, to communicate with the reader by way of the shortest possible distance and the most meaningful implications.

Communication from the writer to the reader through the novel and short story can mean many things to many people. It can mean historical romance, boy-meets-girl, or science-fiction. However, to me as a writer it can be only one thing: Having an interesting story to tell.

Regardless of what it is called, though, communication through fiction is simply a process of using the right words to attract the reader's attention and then attempting to hold him spellbound. To accomplish this, the writer relates a series of events in such a way that the reader is not unwilling to be transported to the heights or lowered to the depths. And then, in the end, the dextrous writer will gently return the reader to the solid firm-footed ground of his own reality and familiar surroundings. After that, if the reader has been lastingly impressed and has had his character fortified, the communication has been a successful one. It might even be called art.

There are many ways to define fiction as we know it in the present-day world.

My own definition of fiction—and this is solely for my own working purposes—is that it is a process of discovery and description of the human spirit in stress and duress, in success and failure, in love and hate. This implies, in my mind, the creation of imaginary people who are lifelike, but, more than being merely lifelike, who become in printed words more lifelike than the living person.

FICTION is an art—the art of story-telling in the written word—and it is a lively one at that. Like art in all of its forms, it must be assumed that fiction is a means of communication, and, being communication, there must be a sender and a receiver before such can exist. It is this union, this junction, this spark of contact, that provides the relay between the writer and the reader.

In arriving at this union of the writer and the reader, I have knowingly and purposely bypassed the critic—that eunuch in literary affairs.

But the critic's place in history is secure. All of us, writer and reader alike, will always be able to recognize him at a glance. He is the person who kicks the author's shins and flails the reader's spirits when consummation takes place without his procurement and approval. However, as the world progresses and enlightenment sets in, I am sure the time will come when the critic will have to pay for his own books just like the rest of us.

Now that I have shortcircuited the critic, or electrocuted him, I would like to list the elements of communication between the writer and the reader in this way:

1) *Conception.* In the beginning this is the birth of the novel in the writer's mind, the nurturing of it by his emotions, and the subsequent delivery of the story in the printed word.

2) *Perception.* This is the meeting place on common ground between the writer and the reader, the exhibition gallery, the time and place

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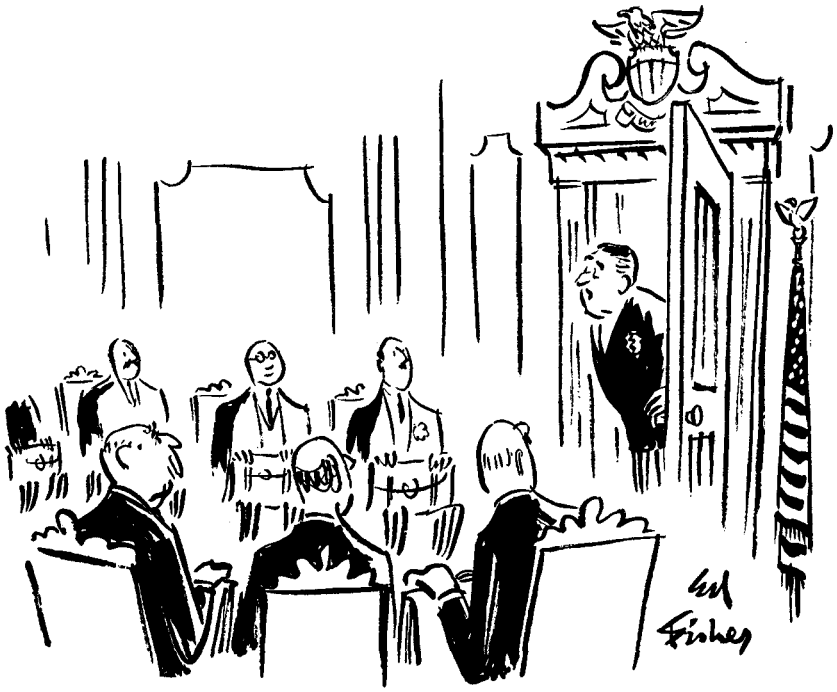

"Will the ambassadors of those countries holding kidnapped Americans kindly move to the head of the line. The Secretary will see you first."

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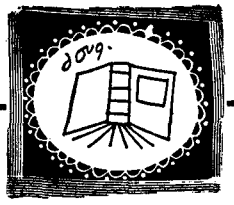


LITERARY HORIZONS

Art and Reality

By Granville Hicks

THE late Joyce Cary possessed in an unusual degree the gift of losing himself in his characters, of simply vanishing in and behind them, so that Mister Johnson and Gully Jimson and Chester Nimmo and many others seem to exist in complete independence of their creator. When one tries to define the dominant Cary qualities, this self-effacement is what comes first to mind. But there is also his vitality, which finds expression in the relish with which his major characters welcome whatever experiences come to them. And then there is the craftsmanship that keeps the stories spinning, that holds the storytelling process under control without destroying the illusion of spontaneity.

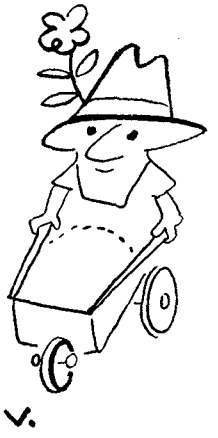
What disappoints me in **"Art and Reality"** (Harper, $3), which is based on lectures Cary prepared for delivery at Cambridge in 1956, is that he says so little about his own practice. Indeed, he does not seem to be altogether happy with his subject. He works his way into large generalizations and battles his way out again. His comments on particular novels are always illuminating, but in the more theoretical passages he is ill at ease.

Cary begins with a discussion of the nature and importance of intuition and of the conflict between intuitions and concepts, and this leads him into the problem of the education of the artist. After talking about symbols and the fragility of symbolic systems, he comes to his main problem. The serious artist, he holds, is concerned solely with what he believes to be reality, and the serious novelist is concerned with human reality, which he defines as "the moral real" and "the moral constant." "All novels," he writes, "are concerned from first to last with morality." Reading he sees as a creative act, in the course of which the reader is helped by what he reads to order his own world.

So much for the main argument, which, as Cary develops it, has its loose ends. But a lot of interesting ideas are thrown off. For instance, Cary observes that symbolic systems are "highly fragile." "Fashions in art, in literature," he says, "are little more enduring than those of dress." He goes on: "The change of fashion, of style in literature is rarely so frequent and complete as that of the plastic arts. But this, I suspect, is due simply to art schools which teach a new method to thousands as soon as it becomes accepted." He then makes this ominous suggestion: "It will be interesting to see if the writing schools in the United States produce there a more rapid decay in symbolic system, a more rapid turnover in literary fashion."

Certainly fashions in literature do change, but at the same time supposedly outworn styles have a way of lingering on. Naturalism, for example, has been regarded for some decades as old hat, and yet we still have our James Joneses and our Willard Motleys. Motley's latest novel **"Let No Man Write My Epitaph"** (Random House, $4.95) is naturalistic not only in its massing of factual material; it is based on a deterministic concept of human behavior and thus conforms in a general way to the theories of naturalism set forth by Zola.

"Let No Man Write My Epitaph" is a sequel to Mr. Motley's first novel, "Knock on Any Door," which told the story of Nick Romano, an altar boy at twelve and a condemned murderer at twenty-one. The principal characters of the new novel are one of Nick's girls, Nellie Watkins, and the child she bore after his father's electrocution and named Nick. Also prominent in one long episode is the first Nick's younger brother, Louie. On all their lives the influence of Nick's life and death is strong, and Motley quotes long passages from the earlier novel.



The principal theme of "Let No Man Write My Epitaph" is drug addiction. Nellie is led into the habit by one of her lovers, a dealer in dope known as The Wolf, and we follow her through all the stages of enslavement. At one point she goes away for a cure, but she lapses again, and we are spared no detail of her degradation. And then young Nick, at a low point in his young manhood, is introduced to marijuana and goes on to heroin, and we follow with him the process we have followed with his mother, though in the end he is saved.

"Knock on Any Door," in spite of a good deal of heavy-handed documentation, moved ahead with a powerful directness that held the reader. "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," on the other hand, is full of distractions. One of the themes, strongly emphasized in the first part of the book, is the struggle of a group of amiable derelicts to save young Nick from his father's fate and to protect him from the consequences of his mother's vice. The theme lends itself to sentimental treatment, and Motley doesn't always resist the temptation. One of the derelicts, an alcoholic ex-judge, calls Nick "the symbol of the innocence of youth in a horrible, horrible environment," and that note is repeatedly sounded.

Then there is the largely irrelevant story of Louie Romano. It is true that Louie, who has begun to follow in his brother's footsteps, is saved by discovering who his brother was and how he died, but mostly we are told about Louie's romantic love for a Negro girl, a romance doomed by race prejudice.

But after his various excursions Motley always comes back to the problem of drug addiction. Not only does he describe in detail the cases of Nellie and young Nick; he introduces Grant Holloway, the philosophical journalist who figured as the older Nick's friend in "Knock on Any Door," to provide plenty of documentation. Grant, who is conveniently writing a series of articles on drugs, furnishes statistics, conducts interviews, and serves to tell the reader whatever Motley wants him to know.

Grant also serves as Motley's spokesman in a more general way. "Every human being is dignified," he reflects. "Or should be. Has something of quality. . . . If you knew what brought them here. And they're not completely bad. Sick, yes. Warped, yes. . . . It's easy to judge. It's harder to dig down into the solid rock of cause."

That, I suppose, represents Motley's original intuition, to use Joyce Cary's word, the feeling about life with which he begins. His philosophy, of course, is not original, but it is not contemptible, and something of the sort has served as a foundation for fiction of distinction. The difficulty is that he has only occasionally been able to embody his intuition in dramatic form and has therefore had to rely on documentation. Instead of disappearing out of sight behind his characters, as Cary does, Willard Motley is conspicuously present, and he gets in the reader's way.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Prospector of the Polar Skies

"Come North With Me," by Bernt Balchen *(Dutton. 311 pp. $5), is a polar flier's autobiographical account of his thirty years in aviation, during which time he pioneered in perilous flights to the North and South Poles. It is reviewed by Captain Finn Ronne, USNR, a member of Byrd's second Antarctic expedition, who recently was commander of Ellsworth Station for the International Geophysical Year.*

By Finn Ronne

BERNT BALCHEN'S lively autobiography "Come North With Me" relates his adventurous life as a star-blessed, crackerjack polar flier. Countless brushes with death become mere routine as he searches compellingly for an answer to the eternal question: "What driving force causes a man to leave comfort and security and risk hunger and privation and even death in search of something he cannot keep even when he finds it?"

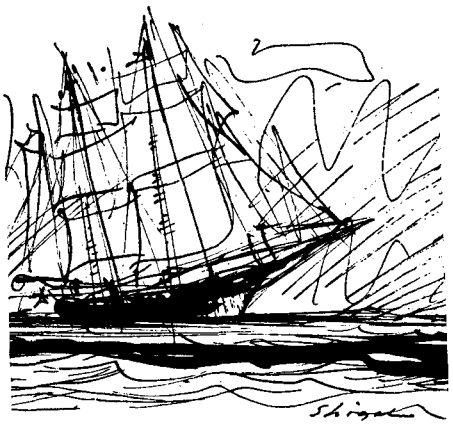
His personal account, written in the present tense, vividly portrays three decades of active participation in the making of aviation history. The Norwegian-trained pilot, who in 1926 cast his lot to join the American way of life, was closely connected with many of the hazardous, record-breaking events in flying following World War I. When the first flights were made over the North and South Poles and across the Atlantic Ocean, Balchen played an active role. He was one of the "greats" in a pioneer era. For those old enough to remember the headlines of the fabulous golden Twenties, "Come North With Me" will arouse memories. While for those younger, it will be equally thrilling to live these historic accomplishments through this moving first-hand account.

With modesty and frankness, he explains why and how Amundsen helped his rival, Byrd, take off first from Spitsbergen. "We are not competitors, we are collaborators in a joint assault on the polar regions . . . ," Amundsen pointed out. As a result of Bernt Balchen's valuable assistance, Byrd brought him to the U.S. after the North Pole flight. Before long Balchen was bush piloting in the Canadian Arctic, and Byrd's trans-Atlantic flight followed. After cruising over Paris in heavy overcast, Balchen made the dramatic belly landing at Ver-Sur-Mer Inlet, saving not only the lives of the three Americans but also the plane, which now graces the Ford Museum at Dearborn, Michigan.

Then came the equally challenging South Pole achievement. Balchen describes how he regained his position as Chief Pilot. During a depot laying flight, the large plane ran out of fuel and made an emergency landing about 100 miles south of Little America. After ferrying the fuel, Balchen returned to the base expecting the other plane to follow. When it did not, he flew back to the downed plane and found they were unable to get the motors started. In less than an hour, Balchen had the three engines humming and they returned to the base. A few hours later Byrd informed Balchen he would pilot the South Polar flight.

Balchen's writing style is light; words flow easily, and he is often amusing. The reader will sympathize with the early heartbreaks and lack of recognition with which this Norwegian immigrant is confronted. When all the other pilots and radio operators are awarded the Navy's Distinguished Flying Cross, Bernt Balchen instead receives a subpoena of deportation for breaking his residence by going to the South Pole. Fiorello La Guardia saves the day by arranging for a special bill which is passed by Congress granting Balchen rights to full citizenship.

Balchen's characterizations reveal the personalities of the flyers and explorers he has known throughout his long and turbulent career: Amundsen, the heavily lined, stone-faced, deep thinking "last Viking" to whom he remains intensely loyal; Ellsworth, the unobtrusive; Floyd Bennett, competent and genial; the wildly impetuous "Uncle" Tony Fokker; and Byrd who is "very well known, but nobody knows him very well." Balchen's association with Byrd lasted for thirty years, but philosophically they were poles apart. With a controlled restraint Balchen hints why he and Byrd were never very *simpático*.



Captain Bernt Balchen, USAF, is in no one's shadow when he sets up Bluie West 8 in the Arctic at the outset of World War II. His exploits rescuing stranded war-time pilots on the Greenland icecap and strafing a secret German radio station there are animated chapters in the saga of the north country.

Throughout the volume, the reader is transported rapidly from one stirring experience to another. There are no boring details. During the "Ve Dc It" operations, bringing stranded allied soldiers from Sweden to England and dropping supplies to the underground fighters in occupied Norway, there are many hairbreadth escapes. His secret visit to the center of Oslo and his ride in an elevator with a Luftwaffe General has enough suspense to make the most unimaginative individual shiver. On this visit he set up a new code of communication with the Norwegian underground.

After more than thirty years of flying a cobweb around the earth, from the North Pole to the South Pole and from Singapore to Moscow, Colonel Balchen states: "Today the only true map is the globe, and the airplane has turned it on its side. In Roman times the Mediterranean Sea was considered the center of the world; but our new Mediterranean is the Arctic Ocean, and the North Pole is the crossroads of tomorrow."

Bernt Balchen has contributed a great deal to both his native Norway and his adopted United States. His most recent contribution to the free world is contained in his plea to eliminate the present holes in our far north radar fence warning system. "I believe our only security is another DEW line at least a thousand miles farther north. Faced with the reality of supersonic manned aircraft and guided missiles, the Congress must provide funds to establish an advance Arctic warning system on the extreme perimeter of the continent, equipped with even more sensitive radar, searching the skies as far forward as the Pole itself."

In "Come North With Me" he finds his answer to the question of "What makes an explorer?" and certainly Bernt Balchen is one.

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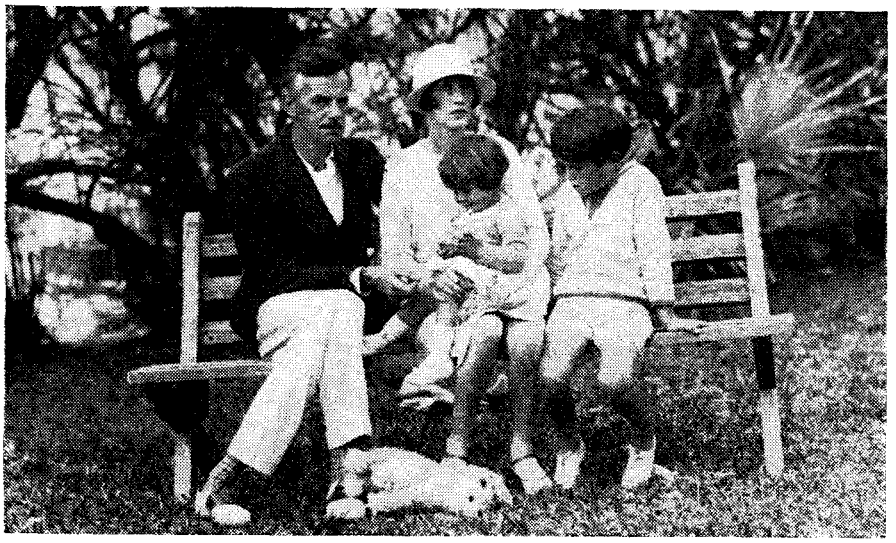

—*Wide World.*

Eugene and Agnes Boulton O'Neill, Oona and Shane, Bermuda, 1927—"What I saw was the haloed nimbus of a great poet, of the creative man."

Decade of a Famous Lifetime

"Part of a Long Story," by Agnes Boulton Kaufman *(Doubleday. 331 pp. $4.50), is a remembrance-of-things-past by Eugene O'Neill's second wife, the mother of Shane and Oona (now wife of Charlie Chaplin). Joseph Wood Krutch, who reviews the memoir, was drama critic for* The Nation *during the bulk of the playwright's career.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THE author of this rather odd work was the second wife of Eugene O'Neill and the mother of two children, Shane and Oona. They were married a few months after a Greenwich Village meeting in 1918 and divorced in 1929. Though the present narrative is completely innocent of any dates whatsoever, it appears (except for a few flashbacks and anticipations) to cover only about two years and if—as it seems not unreasonable to guess—the author plans a continuation, it threatens to become a remembrance-of-things-past a great deal longer than Proust's.

The method is novelistic and apparently based upon an effort of total recall. Though Mrs. Kaufman cannot remember various specific facts (for instance whether or not she typed her husband's manuscripts) she reads into the record crucial speeches, sometimes a page or more long, presented between quotation marks. And since she can hardly intend to suggest that these are more than re-creations made nearly forty years later, the book seems to become less biography in any conventional sense than a fiction built around certain events, as a chief actor remembers and wants to present them.

The period covered begins at the time when O'Neill's first one-act plays were being produced at the Provincetown and ends about the time when "Beyond the Horizon" was to give him his first Broadway success. To my mind the most successful portions are the earliest, in which Mrs. Kaufman recreates the atmosphere of the Village during the last prewar years. After that it seems to me too much merely domestic chronicle—the enormously detailed account of her marriage to a genius and what it meant to her and to him. There are endless trivial details concerning their comings, goings, and domestic arrangements; full narratives of several of the protracted binges upon which O'Neill (often aided and abetted by his brother) embarked; a venemous account of the alleged attempt of a certain now dead but very well known lady (named and called a "menacing and determined hussy") to steal him away, and a verbatim report of his own account of his first marriage and divorce. "Even the boy doesn't know about me. The lawyer told me that they were going to bring him up to think the man she was going to marry was his real father" . . . "You mean she had a child?" "Yes! He'll probably grow up to be a darned good stockbroker."

From time to time the budding playwright goes to his typewriter, announces that he has finished a play, or reads part of it aloud. It is notoriously difficult for a biographer to make the creative part of a writer seem very real, and Mrs. Kaufman does not succeed any better than others. Indeed it can hardly be said that she adds much to our understanding of O'Neill the writer as opposed to the bohemian and periodic drunk and even as a person he remains a surprisingly shadowy figure in what is essentially Mrs. Kaufman's own story. The terms in which she sees that story are sufficiently revealed in the two

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THE ARTIST'S WIFE: Agnes Boulton was not much different from many other young writers who settled in Greenwich Village during World War I. By the time she met O'Neill in 1917 she had several stories to her credit. Her marriage, a few months later, didn't deter her from writing, but, she says, it did slow her down. During the ten years of their marriage, living mainly in Provincetown, Connecticut, and Bermuda, O'Neill wrote some of his finest plays, including "Anna Christie," "Emperor Jones," and "Strange Interlude." Agnes wrote pulp stories. But it was not, she says, because O'Neill didn't encourage her. "He even said I might become another Willa Cather," recalled Miss Boulton. Coping with genius, so it seemed, consumed most of her energy. O'Neill, harassed with alcoholism, was not an easy man to live with. After their divorce in 1929 she wrote short stories, scenarios, and in 1945, a novel, "The Road is Before Us." Not until after O'Neill's death in 1953 did she begin her memoirs of their years together. "I was afraid that it would be in bad taste for a wife to write about her ex-husband," said Miss Boulton recently, "but I began to see how important those early years with Gene were to literary historians." She seemed to have no difficulty remembering the details of their life together, although she had not seen O'Neill for twenty-five years. "I could just think about it and it would all come back, clearly, like a story." With the help of her present husband, Mac Kaufman, a writer and commercial fisherman, she has recorded the first years of her marriage in "Part of a Long Story." Already Miss Boulton is well into a second book that covers the remaining years with O'Neill and their children, Oona and Shane.

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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climaxes. Volume one ends with a section in which O'Neill has been persuaded to flee the temptations of the city for the safety of Provincetown. "What I saw was the haloed nimbus, not yet really visible, of a great poet, of the creative man." Volume two ends with the birth of their first child. "It'll be *us* still, from now on," he said. "Us—alone—but the three of us."

There will doubtless be many books about O'Neill and those who knew or had some claim upon him may be as articulate and voluble as those in D. H. Lawrence's circle. If so there are a number of things in these two volumes which will be chewed over a good many times. Was O'Neill "proud of his father and mother" and was his brother "the only male human being with whom Gene felt completely at ease *all the time*"? If so why does it all seem so different in "Long Day's Journey"? And one cannot help wondering a bit what the hitherto unknown son by the first marriage will say if he is still alive. Or how the descendants of the "menacing and determined hussy" will take this version of her role in the drama.

England's Thirties: A Terrible Record of Evil

***"The Road to Wigan Pier," by George Orwell** (Harcourt, Brace. 264 pp. $4.50), is the first American edition of this graphic account of the life of the working classes in England during the Thirties.*

By Harrison Smith

GEORGE ORWELL's "The Road to Wigan Pier" is the first American publication of his earliest book, a fascinating, dyamic, and often an appalling account of life among the working class in Great Britain in the years before the Second World War. No one at that time could deny the unpleasant facts he brought to light in his journeys in the north of England in the Thirties. Two-thirds of his book is devoted to his first-hand account of the coal miners and the unemployed workers of Wigan and elsewhere, "a terrible record of evil conditions, foul housing, wretched pay, hopeless unemployment," his publisher, Victor Gollancz, writes in his preface.

But neither Mr. Gollancz nor his fellow editors of the Left Book Club were pleased with Orwell's later chapters attacking, from his own Socialist and highly individual point of view, everything he considered wrong with Socialism and Socialists. It is significant, he adds, that Mr. Orwell does not once define what he means by Socialism, nor does he explain how the oppressors oppress or what he understands by the words "liberty" and "justice." The answer, of course, is that Orwell was not interested in politics. His intention was to reveal

—*From the book.*

Sufferings of the common people [revealed].

the sufferings of the common people of England as they never have been described since Dickens wrote of them in the nineteenth century.

Orwell's method was not only to find out how they lived but to share their experience; he lived with them in filthy and ruined houses with one or two crowded bedrooms, a small living room which was often the kitchen, a cellar for coal, and an outdoor toilet. He describes the eroding and labyrinthine slums, the dark back kitchens with sickly, aging people and small children creeping round and round them like black beetles. "It is a kind of duty," he adds, "to see and smell such places . . . lest you forget that they exist; though perhaps it is better not to stay there too long." In small families fathers slept with their grown-up sons and daughters with their mothers, for obvious reasons. For scenery there were slag-heaps, blast furnaces, foul canals, and gasometers of industrial and mining towns.

ENGLAND'S deep coal mines have been described in many books, but perhaps never so dramatically. "The place is like hell," he writes, "heat, noise, confusion, darkness, foul air, and, above all, unbearably cramped space. Everything except the fire, for there is no fire down there except the feeble beams of Davy lamps and electric torches which scarcely penetrate the clouds of coal dust." For a time he became a miner, one of a line of half-naked, sweating, coal-black, kneeling men, crawling for miles through dark tunnels, hardy men with the bodies of athletes.

Poverty and unemployment is the main theme of "The Road to Wigan Pier." "It is obvious now that the upper-middle class is done for," Orwell wrote. "Change and decay [are] in all . . . I see." The reader of this appalling book must remember that England has changed since the Second World War and a benign Socialism, from "the cradle to the grave," has changed the land and its people.

● *More than anyone else, perhaps, the miner can stand as the type of the manual worker, not only because his work is so exaggeratedly awful, but also because it is so vitally necessary and yet so remote from our experience . . . In a way it is humiliating to watch coal miners working. It raises in you a momentary doubt about your own status as an "intellectual" and a superior person generally. For it is brought home to you . . . that it is only because miners sweat their guts out that superior persons can remain superior.* —From *"The Road to Wigan Pier"*

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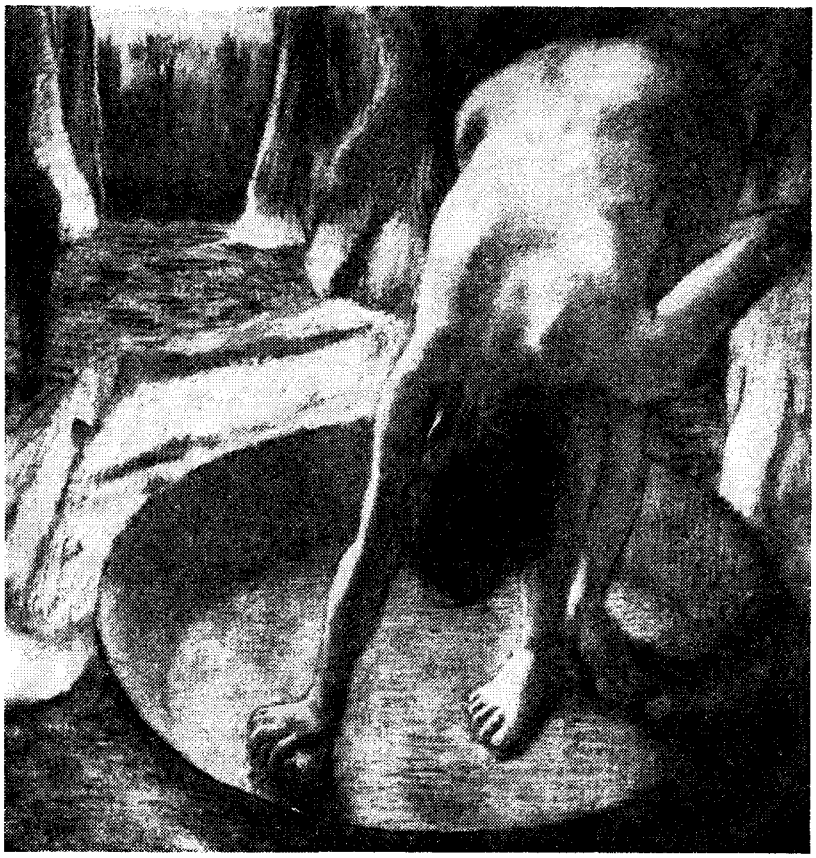
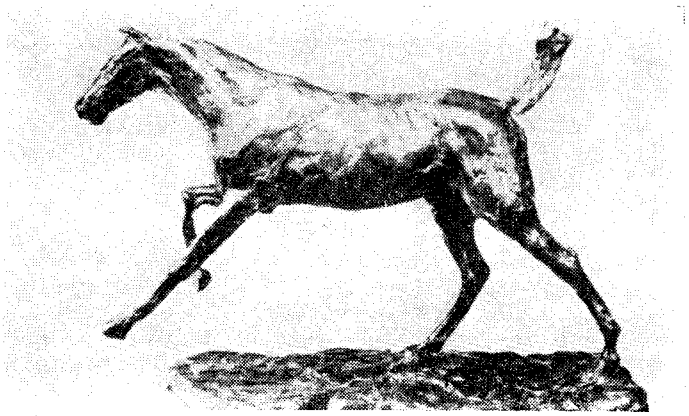
Self-portrait of Degas, 1857.



"Le Tub," 1886.

ALLET MASTER: In 1854, when Edgar Degas was twenty years old, he remarked to a friend, "I think that to be a serious artist today . . . one must be immersed in solitude." Throughout his long life he rarely deviated from this lonely path. A Parisian by birth and inclination, Degas was a familiar figure striding alone along the boulevards. He never married; he had few friends. In a new and exceptionally handsome book, **"Degas"** (Universe Books, $17.50), Pierre Cabanne presents, in black-and-white and abundant color plates, his paintings, sketches, and sculpture. Here, despite the cool detachment of Degas's life, are his abiding passions—the flower-like ballet girls, the bathing women, and the ever-varied forms of horses in motion.



"Étude du Cheval."

"Danseuses Attachant Leurs Chaussons," 1893-1898.

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Thoughts for the Summit

Editor's Note: *When and if the off-again on-again Summit Conference takes place, the conferees might do well to consider a statement read to an earlier "summit" meeting. In 1909 the Swedish Government held a "Peace Congress" to which they invited a number of the world's leading figures, among them the author of "War and Peace." Leo Tolstoy rescued the question of peace from politics and put it in a universal setting. The following guest-editorial is excerpted from his address on that occasion.*

WE HAVE met here to fight against war. The truth is that man may not and should not in any circumstances or under any pretext kill his fellow man.

That truth is so evident, so binding, and so generally acknowledged, that it is only necessary to put it clearly before men for the evil called war to become quite impossible.

And so I think that if we who are assembled here at this Peace Congress should, instead of clearly and definitely voicing this truth, address ourselves to the governments with various proposals for lessening the evils of war or gradually diminishing its frequency, we should be like men who, having in their hand the key to a door, should try to break through walls they know to be too strong.

Leaving aside the question of whether the life of Christian and other nations is possible without armies and wars to defend their governments and states, there yet remains in our world an unsolved difficulty.

This difficulty lies in the impossibility of making the Christian faith (which those who form the governments profess with particular emphasis) accord with armies composed of Christians trained to slay. However much you may pervert the Christian teaching, however much you may hide its main principles, its fundamental teaching is the love of God and one's neighbor; of God—that is, of the highest perfection of virtue—and of one's neighbor—that is, of all men without distinction. And, therefore, it would seem inevitable that we must repudiate one of the two, either Christianity with its love of God and one's neighbor, or the state with its armies and wars.

If it is admitted that the government acknowledges the lawfulness of murder and denies Christianity, no one will wish to obey a government that exists merely by its power to kill. And for us who are assembled here to counteract the evil of war, if we really desire to attain our end, only one thing is necessary: namely, to put the dilemma quite clearly and definitely both to those who form the governments and to the masses of the people who compose the army.

Therefore, I propose to our meeting to draw up and publish an appeal to all men, and especially to the Christian nations, in which we clearly and definitely express what everybody knows but hardly anyone says: namely, that war is not—as most people now assume—a good and laudable affair, but that, like all murder, it is a vile and criminal business.

Humanity in general, and our Christian humanity in particular, has reached a stage of such acute contradiction between its moral demands and the existing social order that a change has become inevitable, and a change not in society's moral demands which are immutable, but in the social order which can be altered. The demand for a different social order, evoked by that inner contradiction which is so clearly illustrated by our preparations for murder, becomes more and more insistent every year and every day. The tension which demands that alteration has reached such a degree that, just as sometimes only a slight shock is required to change a liquid into a solid body, so perhaps only a slight effort or even a single word may be needed to change the cruel and irrational life of our time—with its divisions, armaments, and armies—into a reasonable life in keeping with the consciousness of contemporary society. Every such effort, every such word, may be the shock which will instantly solidify the super-cooled liquid. Why should our gathering not be that shock? In Anderson's fairy tale, when the King went in triumphal procession through the streets of the town and all the people were delighted with his beautiful new clothes, a word from a child who said what everybody knew but had not said, changed everything. He said: "He has nothing on!" and the spell was broken and the King became ashamed and all those who had been assuring themselves that they saw him wearing beautiful new clothes perceived that he was naked! We must say the same. We must say what everybody knows but does not venture to say. We must say that by whatever name men may call murder—murder always remains murder and a criminal and shameful thing. And it is only necessary to say that clearly, definitely, and loudly, as we can say it here, and men will cease to see what they thought they saw and will see what is really before their eyes. They will cease to see the service of their country, the heroism of war, military glory, and patriotism, and will see what exists: the naked, criminal business of murder!

BUT how will nations defend themselves against their enemies, how will they maintain internal order, and how can nations live without an army?

What form the life of men will take if they repudiate murder, we do not and cannot know; but one thing is certain: that it is more natural for men to be guided by the reason and conscience with which they are endowed, than to submit slavishly to people who arrange wholesale murders; and that therefore the form of social order assumed by the lives of those who are guided in their actions not by violence based on threats of murder, but by reason and conscience, will in any case be no worse than that under which they now live.

—Leo Tolstoy.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HIMMLER THE SCIENTIST

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following letter was the first American correspondent to report in the general press on medical experimentation on human beings by Nazi doctors during World War II. In 1945 Mr. Bach was a correspondent for* Army Talks *and uncovered documentary evidence of the experimentation.*

PERHAPS "DIALOGUE IN WARSAW" (*SR* June 28) will move an immobile world to help the remaining survivors of the Nazi medical experimentations that took place at Ravensbrueck and other concentration camps seventeen summers ago. The humans who underwent these were concentration-camp prisoners (chiefly Polish Catholics, German and Polish Jews, gypsies, prostitutes, Russian deportees) and Russian prisoners-of-war. The German doctors carving them up were medical men of stature in many cases. Only the fewest were quacks.

Although Ravensbrueck, Auschwitz and Buchenwald were important locales for human experiments, Dachau was the site chosen for the most monstrous extravaganzas. They began in 1941 when a Dr. Sigmund Rascher of the SS took a course in aviation medicine. On May 16, 1941, Rascher wrote Himmler to ask if he could study the effects of high altitudes on the human body (for the sake of the *Luftwaffe*), using as his guinea pigs "human material" from the concentration camps. Himmler replied July 24, 1941, authorizing the first experiment with humans.

These and thousands of other letters were later uncovered in files containing Himmler's personal mail. It is worth noting that the Aviation Medical Research Department of the German Air Ministry was involved in these murders from the start. The Ministry provided the low-pressure chamber that was sent to Dachau. They also provided some of the doctors, including Dr. Sigmund Ruff. He was a wartime subordinate in the Department which was headed by the prominent Professor of Physiology at Goettingen, Dr. Hubertus Strughold. Today, as the world's leading pioneer in space medicine (*Time*, May 26, 1958), Strughold is the world's first Professor of Space Medicine in the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Air Force Base, Texas. After Werner von Braun, he is probably the second most prominent German scientist working for the United States.

Following the "Experiments to Save from Great Heights," as the secret report was called, the most macabre of all the human guinea pig atrocities were authorized on May 20, 1942, in a letter written by Field Marshal Erhard Milch of the Luftwaffe Supreme Command. He wanted to know the best way to rewarm frozen men—for instance, German pilots downed in the cold North, Baltic, and Arctic Seas. With the approval of General Professor Dr. Hippke, Chief of the Medical Inspection Division of the Luftwaffe, three more scientists were added to Rascher's staff at Dachau: Dr. Jarisch (University of Innsbruck), Professor Major E. Holzloehner (Pathologist, University of Kiel Medical School), Professor E. E. Singer (Pathologist, Schwabing Hospital, Munich).

The freezing of humans began on August 15, 1942. A large wooden tub, lined with sheet metal, was filled with ice cubes and water. Some "subjects" wore flying suits. Others were naked. Rectal, skin, and stomach temperatures were recorded thermoelectrically. From the reports in Himmler's files, we know all but the names of many of these martyrs. We know some of their initials —E. L., L. H., B. E., L. O., etc. We even know that one "experimental subject" had his rectal temperature reduced to 78.6°F after ninety minutes in ice water, but then did not sink further for another eighty-five minutes—that is, until he had been floating around frozen for almost three hours. All that is known about this onetime man (whom the Nazi Age turned into a cake of ice) is that the curve of his rectal temperature appears in Figure 12 of Appendix 7 of the secret report, entitled "Report on the Research of Refrigeration of Humans," mailed from Munich on October 16, 1942. It was initialed by Himmler, with his customary green pencil, as having been read by him five days later.

That chart is L. O.'s monument and probably his tombstone. His name and subsequent fate are not known. "Experimental subjects" had no names. They were simply referred to by their initials, if referred to at all. Usually they were dismissed in reports as "intensely cooled subjects."

Whether at Dachau or Ravensbrueck, the tests in the name of medicine were and are the business of us all. Now that *SR* has publicized the fact that, after seventeen weary years, justice has still not been done to the Ravensbrueck Ladies, an informed public opinion must keep after the German Governments to make human amends.

JULIAN BACH, JR.
New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm sorry I ever suggested health food to Nebuchadnezzar."

TATTERED IDEAS

IT IS JUST such hideous acts of cruelty as the experimentation on the Ravensbrück Lapins which eventually turns man away from the feeling that God is Life, and in all forms of Life. One's convictions that we must all shape the same spark of divinity tatter—and fall apart—upon such revelations of bestiality.

MRS. WALTER H. JARVIS.
Huntington Woods, Mich.

MAN'S INHUMANITY

I DID NOT enjoy reading the article, but thanks for it. It is almost unbelievable that such instances of man's inhumanity to man could exist in this century.

WILLIAM R. CANNON.
Atlanta, Ga.

RESPONSIBILITY

I WONDER whether members of the Hiroshima Maidens Groups have considered giving German Quakers and other concerned people in Germany the chance of cooperating in this matter. To arouse public opinion both in West and East Germany might prove useful in making the German governments accept their responsibility towards the victims of Nazi experimentation.

ADOLPHE FURTH.
Durham, N. C.

NEVER AGAIN

IT IS SO easy to forget the terrible events of those war years. We do not need reminders to shock us or to arouse us to

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hatred, but to remind us that we must never permit this to happen again and that we must do what we can to salvage the wreckage of our last failure.

K. S. GINIGER.

New York, N. Y.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS

I KNOW THAT *SR*'s initiative will give the Polish people encouragement and a sense of gratification, especially since the United States has among Poles some of her most devoted and faithful friends.

ALEXANDER JANTA.

New York, N. Y.

WORLDWIDE PERVERSION

PERVERSION OF science, whether medical or physical, appears to be a worldwide phenomenon which threatens the very survival of humankind.

DR. PAUL CROSSER.

Garden City, N. Y.

UNKNOWN BARBARISMS

THESE THINGS are by no means strange or unknown to me, as I lived in Poland until 1939 and still have a number of relatives there. I lost some dear ones in circumstances not too dissimilar from those N.C. describes. It is gratifying to know that these matters are brought out into the light again, to point out to the younger generation, who perhaps have never even heard of such barbarisms, what homo sapiens (?) are capable of.

STEFAN L. GRAPNEL.

Putnam, Conn.

"AS IS"

I AM AN American citizen, Jewish, and Austrian by birth. I lost the greater part of my family in German concentration camps and consider my being alive a special fate decreed by God. I have had the opportunity to see first hand the incredible atrocities the Germans were capable of. N.C.'s article has aroused my most deeply-felt compassion towards the women who, although severely maltreated, are still alive to tell the story. I only wish that I, like N.C., could say I feel no hate towards the bestial inhumans who have inflicted untold misery and pain on so many millions. It is a sign of great awareness when one can overcome this feeling, and accept what Krishnamurti calls "As Is."

WILLIAM W. SCHWARZ.

Brussels, Belgium.

ASHAMED

I HAVE BEEN so moved emotionally that I have had no peace since I read N.C.'s account. The shocking details of the cruelty that was perpetrated on those poor Polish girls have made my blood run cold. I am ashamed of the human race.

MABEL BURLINGHAM.

Syracuse, N. Y.

MORE LOVE THAN HATE

TO BE A member of the human race many times fills one with sickness and shame. Let us hope—as I believe—that the majority of the species is touched more with love and kindness than with the hate and cruelty in the headlines today.

MINA POST.

Los Angeles, Calif.

TRULY COMMITTED

PERHAPS WE should take a closer look at the world in which such things happen—at the people who permit them—at ourselves. Perhaps it is time for us to be truly committed to one another.

REGINA ARATA.

South Huntington, N. Y.

WHAT CAN I DO?

THE THING THAT amazes me is that the plight of these fifty-three Catholic women could have been kept from the world view for so long. I want to help. What can I do?

JAMES P. SULLIVAN.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Individuals can help in a number of specific ways:*
1) **Funds.** *Checks should be addressed to the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, which consists of American volunteers who carried out the Hiroshima Maidens project. The HPCA will also undertake the project in behalf of the Ravensbrueck Lapins. HPCA has tax-exempt status.*
2) **Clothing.** *Clothes in good condition should be sent to Miss Rollene Waterman at* The Saturday Review, *25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. If possible, please send sums adequate to cover shipping charges and import duties. (Ten dollars per package should be more than adequate.)*
3) **Correspondence.** *Readers who would like to maintain correspondence with the Ravensbrueck Lapins should send their names to Sallie Lou Parker at* The Saturday Review.
4) **Medicines.** *Readers who wish to contribute medicines should write to Miss Caroline Ferriday at* The Saturday Review *in order to obtain specifications for individual requirements.*

LEWIS AND CLARK'S SEX LIVES

I AM, OF COURSE, happy that a person as qualified as Senator Neuberger was given the task of reviewing my novel "Tale of Valor" (*SR* July 5), but I don't think I should allow his charges against me to go unanswered. He says that I added "overtones of sex through the presence . . . of the Indian girl" and that her attitude toward Clark after he had saved her life and her child's "cannot wholly be ascribed to gratitude." His last words he bases on pages 216-218.

This Indian child, who when she joined the Corps could not have been more than fifteen and probably was younger, had never known men except as lustful rapists since her capture by an enemy tribe years before. It seems incredible to me that she could have had a sexual interest in any man, and I never for a moment had in mind that she had. Since she had been the slave of any man who owned her, it seemed to me that she must have felt, what indeed any woman in her situation would have felt, considerable emotion after a man, and an important white chief at that, had risked his life to save hers. In the pages mentioned above I tried to suggest what her emotions might have been, and curious readers can decide for themselves whether I intended more than gratitude.

Mr. Neuberger feels that the book "contains too many scenes of intimacy" between the Indian girl and her man. I shall be obliged if he can point out more than one, and that one is very brief and brutal. He thinks that, "Undoubtedly these episodes represent an effort by Vardis Fisher to atone for the almost total absence of intimate sexual references in the Lewis and Clark Journals." On the contrary, there are many such references.

And he makes the fantastic statement that "there was scant sex on the epochal pilgrimage." The truth is that there was a great deal of it—it has been summarized in a long chapter by Dr. Bakeless. For instance, at least twice so many of the men came down with venereal disease that the captains despaired of the success of their undertaking; and discipline again and again became a major problem, because of the relations between some of the men and the squaws of different tribes. Indeed, I might fairly have been charged with playing down the sexual aspects of the journey.

VARDIS FISHER.

Hagerman, Idaho.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Senator Neuberger replies: "I certainly do not intend to get into an argument with Vardis Fisher over the implications of sex in his references to the presence of Sacajawea on the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Mr. Fisher's description of the emotions of Sacajawea toward Lieutenant Clark are founded wholly upon his own imagination, and for that reason I took exception to several of these passages. It seems to me the tale of the first crossing of our vast continent by Americans is sufficiently dramatic, vivid, and picturesque without it being necessary to add certain overtones of sex which are not entirely warranted by authenticated historical documents. Mr. Fisher has produced a generally fine book, to which I accorded a favorable review—and I regret that he feels so tenderly on this one point that he has been moved to write the editor so bristling a letter."*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Don Giovanni" in Vancouver

VANCOUVER, B. C.

AS THE DC-7 flies, Vancouver is only hours away from Salzburg, but it was not until this year of dubious grace that "Don Giovanni" had its first hearing west of the Canadian Rockies. The recent premiere and its five repetitions in the Vancouver festival are doubtless a landmark for local music lovers, who responded to the immortal melodies and towering dramatic writings as though hearing it live for the first time (which, doubtless, many were). I do not minimize the importance of this fact, perhaps the most important of all. But for those who came to see and hear what Guenther Rennert of Stuttgart and the local festival director Nicholas Goldschmidt might contrive in the way of Mozart, even reasonable expectations were unfilled.

More's the pity, for in such singers of international fame as George London, Leopold Simoneau, Pierrette Alarie, and Joan Sutherland, and such home-bred talent as Milla Andrew (Elvira), Bernard Turgeon (Il Commendatore), and Don McManus (Masetto)—the Leporello, Jan Rubes, falls somewhere in between—conductor Goldschmidt had assembled a cast capable of real vocal justice to Mozart. This was self-apparent in the garland of arias which deck the handsome torso of this work like so many jewels, some sumptuously shown off by London, Simoneau, Miss Sutherland, Rubes, *et al.* But the level sagged perceptibly in the ensembles and concerted episodes on which the impact of the drama depends. This was one instance in which, truly, the road to hell was paved with good intentions, for when the Don was engulfed by flames, Goldschmidt was still on the side of the angels.

"Don Giovanni," after all, is not any old opera. It is as young and timeless as the day it was born nearly 175 years ago, a tribute to this marvelous balance of fervor and frolic, light and shade, tragedy masquerading as comedy and vice versa. When all is said and done, the heaviest liability to an artistic "Don" was the Vancouver Symphony which, however well-intentioned it went hellward, lacks the experience in playing opera to give thrust and riposte, check and counter-check to the singing personnel as Mozart decreed. Much of Goldschmidt's effort was expended in keeping his men approximately together, with the result that real leadership was in abeyance.

Whatever Rennert's staging might be elsewhere, in Vancouver his "Don Giovanni" was rigidly teutonic, without the bounce or verve, the leavening Italianate lightness which is certainly in this "dramma giocose." A primitive stage, with little wing space, lacking traps, poorly lighted, was clearly disadvantageous to a man who has made operatic news in Hamburg and Stuttgart, Paris, London, and Edinburgh. He gambled much, and his decision to leave as soon as his contract permitted (even before the first performance) suggested his awareness that he had not beaten the odds.

Plainly he conceives "Don Giovanni" as inherently tragic, with extraneous buffoonery at a minimum. So much, then, was creditably founded on taste and knowledge. A sample of the detail he might have provided throughout occurred after Don Giovanni stabs the Commendatore, early in the opera. As the Don unmasked, the dying man recoiled in recognition of the libertine who had invaded his daughter's bedroom. This, doubtless, was designed to explain his recognition of the Don in the cemetery scene. Most Mozartians, however, accept that knowledge as a product of the same occult powers which enable him still to sing bass after being molded in stone.

As the work proceeds, touches of this sort became fewer, with a really creative pattern only in the relation of Giovanni and his servant. Utilizing the big frame and supple voice of Rubes advantageously, Rennert made him a kind of seducer's apprentice, roistering with Zerlina's bridesmaids, relishing his little fling with Elvira when disguised as his master. He was, altogether, a rougher, more robust fellow than the average Leporello cast on the Italian model, but, underneath it all, a "little man," craven before the supernatural voice of the statue, seeking to atone for his cowardice with excessive attentions at the supper table.

London's Don was more subdued, relaxed and (let us not blunt the point) mature than in the past. Less animal magnetism, more intellectuality provided a range it has not always possessed before. But he seemed to sin sadly and without relish, apparently aware his end was foredoomed. Some of the absent sparkle would have lit up his otherwise magnificent physical presence, given an added fillip to his infinite vocal resource, especially as he expressed in the curling legato of "La ci darem la mano," where he showed his awareness of still challenging musical horizons.

For the rest, characterizations went a fairly level way, with highlights depending on the capacities a given performer brought to his task. Simoneau's Ottavio, bearded and graying, suggested an "older brother" to Donna Anna rather than her betrothed, but his music was vocalized throughout with the finesse and sophistication which make his "Dalla sua pace" and "Il mio tesoro" models for this generation's tenors. There was similar knowledge in Alarie's Zerlina (she is also Mrs. Simoneau), though she is now mature and heavy-set for the innocent country maiden. Least expected and almost unexceptional was the Donna Anna of Miss Sutherland, an Australian soprano with a Covent Garden-Glyndebourne background who used her even, finely textured voice with remarkable poise and musicality. Such assurance is still to come for Miss Andrew (she sang better at the dress rehearsal), but her abilities can carry her far. Turgeon and McManus supported their requirements well.

WHATEVER the physical factors—and four walls do not an opera-house make, especially when they are as widely spaced as the Orpheum's—the musical responsibility inevitably reverts to Goldschmidt and his orchestra. There was an ill omen in the pause before the curtain rise to permit the seating of late comers, as Mozart has specifically designed his overture to flow into Leporello's opening aria. This musical solecism was not repeated, but the conductor followed more than he led, in order, no doubt, to accommodate the stragglers in the orchestra. The spirit was willing, but hands and fingers were weak, especially in accompanying the dramatic recitatives where reflexes must be acute to sustain theatrical tempo. Had Goldschmidt utilized a smaller group of the best players (strings especially) he might have fared better, particularly as the sixty-odd overflowed the tiny pit and made balance precarious.

Plainly the large audience enjoyed what it heard, and much of it was excellent. But "Don Giovanni" is a paragon which suffers from any insufficiencies. This one was less than the sum of its uneven parts.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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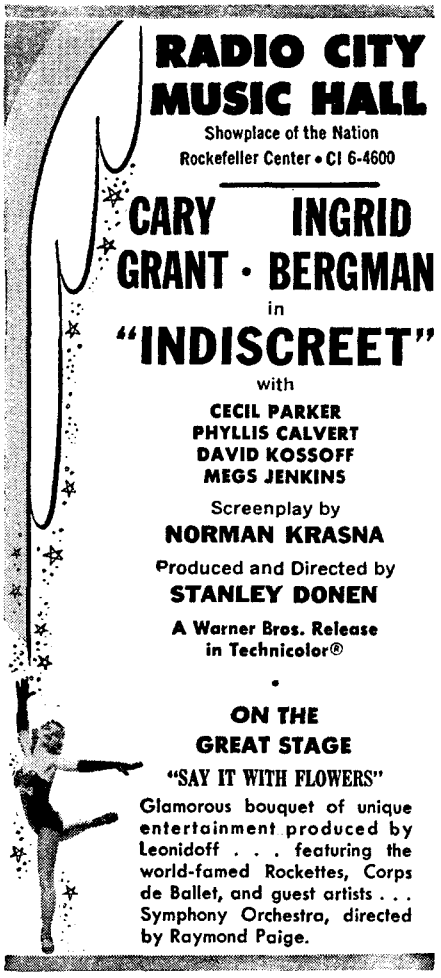

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The War Hollywood Can't Film

VETERANS of World War II viewing the current crop of combat dramas emanating from Hollywood must be wondering just what war it was that they got tangled up in. A few weeks ago we had "Kings Go Forth," in which the G. I.'s went junketing down to the Riviera every week-end, returning to the trenches tired but happy early on Monday morning. Now two new films, **"The Naked and the Dead"** (Warners) and **"Imitation General"** (M-G-M), contain such hair-raising blunders of strategy, such wild-eyed versions of military operations and military discipline that it becomes difficult to believe we ever won the war. In these weird glimpses of World War II revisited, combat is reduced either to a comical game for overgrown boys or to a sort of ritual hazing presided over by sadistic bullies and cheered on by vitamin-filled Madison Avenue account-executive types.

"Naked and the Dead" is perhaps the worst offender to date. Based—remotely—on Norman Mailer's best-seller of ten years ago, it skilfully manages to avoid all reference to his underlying theme, his implication that the individual is tossed indiscriminately into the hopper of war's machinery and ground to bits without hope, appeal, or reason. Where Mailer painted a picture of stark inevitability, the film calls repeatedly on God His miracles to perform—and God repeatedly obliges, even to the point of reforming a power-hungry General and giving him his comeuppance. What emerges is neither war nor Mailer but a sex-charged, gore-colored account of a combat operation whose very pointlessness is underlined by the moral the scriptwriters have tacked on and whose improbability is underscored by the sheer implausibility of its combat tactics.

Actually, the true face of war is one of the most difficult things for film makers to put on the screen. A skirmish line or combat patrol spreads itself wide and thin in what Hemingway once called "the ultimate loneliness of contact." On the screen, even the CinemaScope screen, this spread is far too great for dramatic composition. Similarly, the G. I. is taught to use cover and concealment, to creep and to crawl forward inch by inch in stealing up on an enemy position, a process that can mean hours to cover a few hundred yards of broken terrain. Troops are trained to squeeze off each rifle shot and make it count, not to spray lead from the hip with a Browning automatic. Hollywood's version of warfare, almost of necessity, makes the real thing seem pitifully tame and innocuous. And yet any combat veteran who sees Aldo Ray and the other greasepaint soldiers of "Naked and the Dead" hit the beach and assemble in a clump, take up positions on a river bank and fail to dig in, move out on patrol bunched up like Sunday drivers in heavy traffic, walk upright along a ridge-line in Jap-held territory—these are things to make him doubt his own sanity.

Something of the same reaction works against "Imitation General," even though it is offered as farce comedy. Basically, "Imitation General" works from an amusing and original premise, a Sergeant (Glenn Ford) masquerading as a General despite the presence in the area of another Sergeant who would be only too happy to unmask him and haul him in for a courtmartial. But real comedy is warm and human; William Bowers's screenplay looks for humor in the grim business of killing.

* * *

Handsome camerawork distinguishes **"White Wilderness"** (Buena Vista), another in Walt Disney's True-Life Adventure series. A visit to northernmost Canada, it is filled with random tidbits of information about the walrus, the polar bear, the suicidal lemmings, and the misunderstood wolves—as well as wonderful vistas of snow and ice . . . An event of more than ordinary interest to film enthusiasts is the fourth annual Robert Flaherty seminar, to be held from August 18 to August 28 at the Flaherty farm near Brattleboro, Vermont. As in the past, there will be screenings and discussions of all the Flaherty documentaries, led by Mrs. Flaherty. A special bonus for this year is the appearance of the Indian director Satyajit Ray, hailed in Europe as "the Flaherty of Benares." He will present the first two films in his "Pather Panchali" trilogy, both of which have won top awards at Cannes and Venice. For further information, write the Robert Flaherty Foundation, R. F. D. 1, Box 94, Brattleboro, Vermont.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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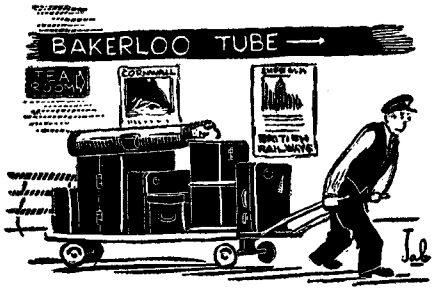
TV AND RADIO

The Mystery of the Peppermint Candy Men

TV CAN be a miracle—not a mess—if it can bring its middle up to its best. Hubbell Robinson, executive vice-president in charge of TV network programming for CBS, says this in "TV's Myopia of the Wide Screen," an interesting article recently published in *Esquire*. The piece is characteristic of the industry's *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa* tone so fashionable these days among executives both in and out of networks. Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver, Jr., former v.p., president, and chairman of the board of NBC, also played that tone with gusto recently on a Mike Wallace-ABC-Fund for the Republic Program. Mr. Weaver said he was disappointed in what's been happening to TV in the last couple of years. He accused it of failing to "reflect as a communication medium the whole richness and pluralism of our society" —a reflection ardently verbalized by the originator of the TV spectacular when he was prexy at NBC.

CBS's Robinson was considerably sharper in his recognition of TV's "soft underbelly." He deplored "the medium's relentless ingenuity in finding new ways to hand out money, its willingness to settle for drama whose synonym is pap, its comedy inanities which frequently are compounded more of noise and nonsense than any true comedic skill, its shantytown of personal exhibitionism, its carbon-copy Westerns with the strong man riding off into oblivion, its resort to the excuse of too much, too fast as the answer to all its shortcomings. . . ." Both showmen-turned-critics noted (as all "fair and perceptive" critics should) TV's "islands of excellence." Both expressed faith in television's future. Mr. Robinson put his hope in a roster of some of the industry's "dedicated men, writers, producers, directors . . . who have boldness, are adventurous, outsize . . . they have a built-in compulsion to deliver proud ratings, too. Freshness, inventiveness, abrasiveness, contention are their watchwords."

The CBS executive is deeply convinced that the industry must continue to "make TV creatively challenging and financially rewarding to the kind of men who have consistently given television its greatest moments." Otherwise, "the medium will exhaust its current firm grasp on America's



leisure," and "it can most certainly become a welter of mediocrity." Pat Weaver believes that "as the networks abdicate certain areas of culture and information that they have been in, some new enterprise will move in and take over, pay-TV or the theatres themselves." The villain of his piece is neither the sponsor nor the agency but some of Weaver's "closest personal friends . . . the managements of the networks." It is "the businessmen in TV" who are lacking in statesmanship, in social responsibility. In time, Mr. Weaver suggests, those network managements will be changed. Mr. Robinson, on the other hand, claims that the compulsion to think constructively in TV has been, "almost without exception, the exclusive property of the networks." There was a time when Pat Weaver was a staunch defender of networks. Presumably their managements, then, were "dedicated."

Now, here is no critic vs. program-chief controversy. These men who disagree are opposite numbers in brass. The CBS v.p.'s villains are "the diehards of the peppermint candy school of drama—the imitative quiz and participation-show backers who believe TV copycats have nine lives . . . the buyers of belt-line Westerns. . . ." Mr. Robinson states that his elite corps of creative talent is "a source of small comfort to some of those who pay the freight for television's major undertakings." He fails to identify these sinister freight-payers clearly. He has kind words for sponsors in his article; but he speaks darkly about "producers who place the mere fact of rating above the means by which they achieve it. . . ." and agents "who consider expediency as an end in itself. . . ." The CBS executive is obviously suggesting that the networks are not in control of the programming situation: the former NBC chairman of the board thinks they are. He states unequivocally that "the only force that can balance programming and give us what we should have in the home and be responsible for the influence the set has is the (network) management."

Mr. Robinson's loyalty to CBS is admirable. Mr. Weaver's candor about his old shop, NBC, is refreshing. Their common soul-searching in public is a welcome service. Genuine concern can only be helpful. The schism in TV's soul is not new: world events and the industry's current economic stringency are revealing the cracks more clearly and in higher places. At RCA, no less a figure than David Sarnoff has written in a recent magazine article: "The immediate profit-and-loss statement cannot be the sole governing factor in an industry dedicated to serving the public." A few paragraphs away, nevertheless, he also wrote: "The ratings show that the popular programs — precisely these that some opinion-makers frown upon —have the largest circulation and the steadiest sponsorship."

And at CBS, Vice President Richard Salant said in a recent speech: "We've let ourselves get pushed into agreeing that 'public interest' really means that kind of program in which not much of the public is really interested . . . let's admit we're in business to entertain. If we do that, perhaps that will end this attempt to make us over in the image of the BBC, but with advertisers." Frank Stanton, president of CBS, speaking on "The Crucial Challenge to Broadcasting" before the National Association of Broadcasters this year said: "We must ourselves take a fresh look at the public interest, convenience, and necessity, never forgetting that without devotion to this basic element of our charter, we can become just another industry." Which mouth speaks the truth?

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Two for the Show

MADRID.

NOT the least of the attractions of Madrid are the man-made spectacles that lie outside it, notably Philip II's El Escorial and Francisco Franco's *Valle de los Caidos*, or the Valley of the Fallen, a new extravaganza that rises nearby.

Begun on April 23, 1563, and finished on September 13, 1584, El Escorial is still a massive, awesome pile today, a huge stone rectangle with many quadrangles inside, and lakes and gardens to relieve the severity of its walls. The Valley of the Fallen is a mammoth underground crypt larger than St. Peter's in Rome, with a cross on top rising higher than the Eiffel Tower. Ostensibly a memorial to the dead of the Civil War on both sides, it is allegedly, as well, the tomb Franco built for himself. The Valle is scheduled to open this summer, and like the Escorial has been finished within its creator's own time. Barring vandals, total war, and atomic destruction it stands an even better chance than the Escorial of lasting as long—which means that the memory of Franco will be more or less ripe well into the twenty-fourth century.

El Escorial, which is planted in the foothills of Guadarrama Mountains about thirty miles from Madrid, is often referred to as a monastery, but it is much more. It is a church, a palace, and a pantheon as well. Somewhere within that granite maze that overwhelms the eye are sixteen courts, eleven reservoirs, eighty-eight fountains, eighty-six staircases, nine towers, 1,600 paintings, and 2,673 windows. The main façade is over 600 feet long and the entranceway is nine feet wide and eighteen feet high.

Far underground, down a marble-walled stairway, is a crypt holding the remains of all the monarchs of Spain from the sixteenth century to Alfonso XII. The body of Alfonso XIII was interred in Rome. The plan for the pantheon was made by the original builder, Philip II, but it fell to Philip IV, buried two tiers below, to finish it. All counted there are ten kings in the king's section and one reigning queen, Isabella II. Her husband, the Prince Consort Francisco, is buried in the queen's section along with the remains of nine royal ladies. Under the urn of Alfonso XII is an empty sarcophogus waiting for Alfonso XIII, and over the door there is still room for two more. One is reserved for Maria Christina, Alfonso XIII's mother who died twenty-nine years ago and whose remains are still in an anteroom known with some candor as the *pudridero* or "rotting place." When the flesh is gone the bones are placed in the urn and the urn then takes its place in the pantheon. The final niche is earmarked for Queen Victoria, Alfonso's widow, who is still alive and living in Lausanne.

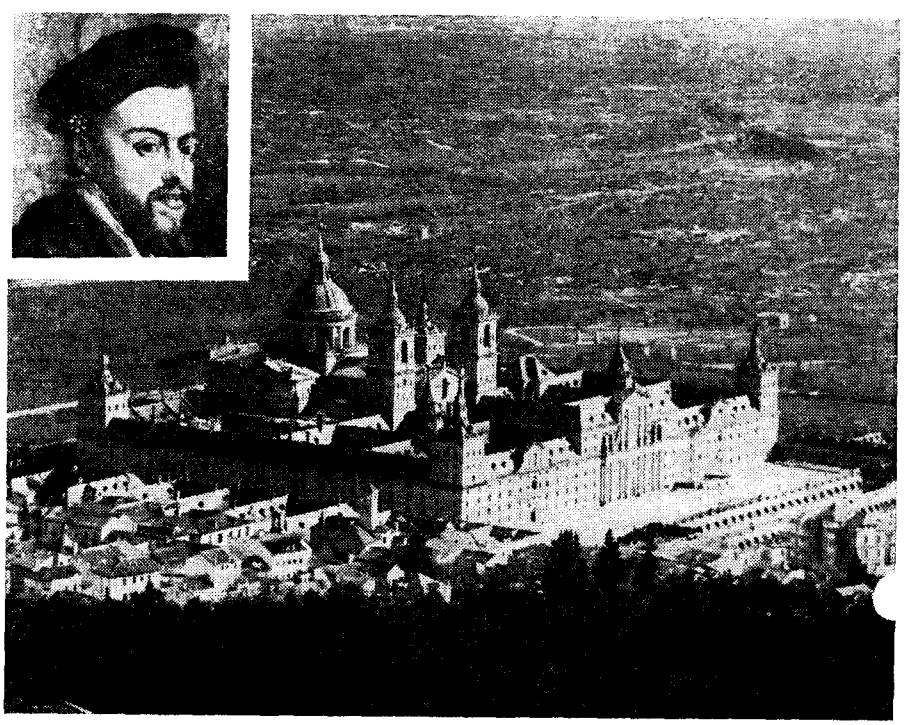
El Escorial's builder was known as the Prudent King, son of Charles I and V of Spain and the Holy Roman Empire. He was born in Valladolid, May 21, 1527. Philip's idea was to make a church for God, a cemetery for his parents, and an abode for himself. The church he built is huge, light, and airy and is one of the least severe of the celebrated churches of Spain. Its main altar is a mere step or two from Philip's own bedroom, separated by a small private chapel. As he lay dying of gout in 1598, he opened his door to hear mass. He was seventy-one when death finally came.

The royal apartments are as gilded and as ornate as any in Europe. The bedrooms, opening on each other rather than off a central hall, are reminiscent of Versailles and of the *châteaux* of the Loire. In the Battle Room, used as a guard room, the walls are covered with a war scene over 150 feet long. It took two Italian painters eleven years to paint it.

Philip II used to come down from Madrid in his sedan chair, a trip that required seven days. The vantag point which he used to watch the enormous building take shape is still known as Philip's Seat. More than 200 years after Philip's death, the Escorial became a popular summer palace. Charles III began using it in 1772, and the practice was followed until the time of Isabella II in 1860. Alfonso XII and Alfonso XIII found San Sebastian much more fashionable.

BUT even with the rise of San Sebastian there are many visitors who find great appeal in El Escorial, not merely for the presence of its giant monastery, but for its qualities as a mountain resort. Just a few steps from Philip's monument is the Hotel Felipe II on a hillock in the foothills of the Guadarramas, looking out to the pines, the monastery, and the valley beyond. Its white dining room is delicately tinted with pastel tapestries, one of which is a plan of the monastery itself all in thread. The public rooms are paved with colorful carpeting and lighted with extravagant chandeliers. In a rustic setting o the side of a hill is a handsome swimming pool which rather imparts the impression that it is a natural pond hidden away in a mountain glen.

Built in 1945, the Felipe II has 110



—*Spanish Tourist Office*

Philip II's Escorial—"under the monastery, the royal remains."

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rooms all with bath, charges about $6 a room, with 15 per cent extra tacked on for service. In 1956 it was host for a two months visit of that old hotel connoisseur Ernest Hemingway whose "Across the River . . . etc." immortalized the Gritti Palace in Venice.

With the opening of the *Valle de los Caidos,* with or without Franco in residence, the Felipe II will doubtless do a land-office business, especially in lunches. It is only a few miles away from Franco's monument, which is itself certain to become one of the prime attractions of the Continent.

Located at the crossroads called Cuelgamuros, the Valley of the Fallen occupies nearly 46,000 acres, much of it a former farm that once belonged to the estate of the Count of Villapadierna. At the entrance are four pillars, each thirty-eight feet high, which were cut in the sixteenth century to support an aqueduct that would convey water from the Tagus to Toledo. But the dimensions of the Valley monument, which is on a scale with the preposterous memorials of the early Egyptians, dwarfs these minor engineering efforts of Europe.

Certainly it is difficult to imagine where else money and labor might be as easily recruited for a project of this magnitude. Begun in 1942, on what has been officially described as the "personal initiative of the Head of State, General Francisco Franco Bahamonde, who also selected the site," the Valley of the Fallen has long been criticized as a project built by slave labor employed by the Caudillo. The first official tourist pamphlet about the Valley vigorously refutes this allegation. Two thousand workers, it says, were freely hired and have been employed at Cuelgamuros for fifteen years, living in a village put up for them. Prior to 1950, during the work of preliminary excavation, seventy convicts "were allowed to serve their sentences" there. Says the booklet, "Many of these when their terms expired, went on working of their own free will. . . ."

Whether free or captive, what these hands wrought is first of all a great cross with an elevator running inside that will take visitors up to the arms. It is mounted above a cluster of rocky crags on a hill overlooking the valley where the rebels were first stopped and held in the early days of the Spanish Civil War. Some of the valley floor will be flooded and at sunset the cross will be reflected in the lake. Surrounding the monument will be the stations of the cross.

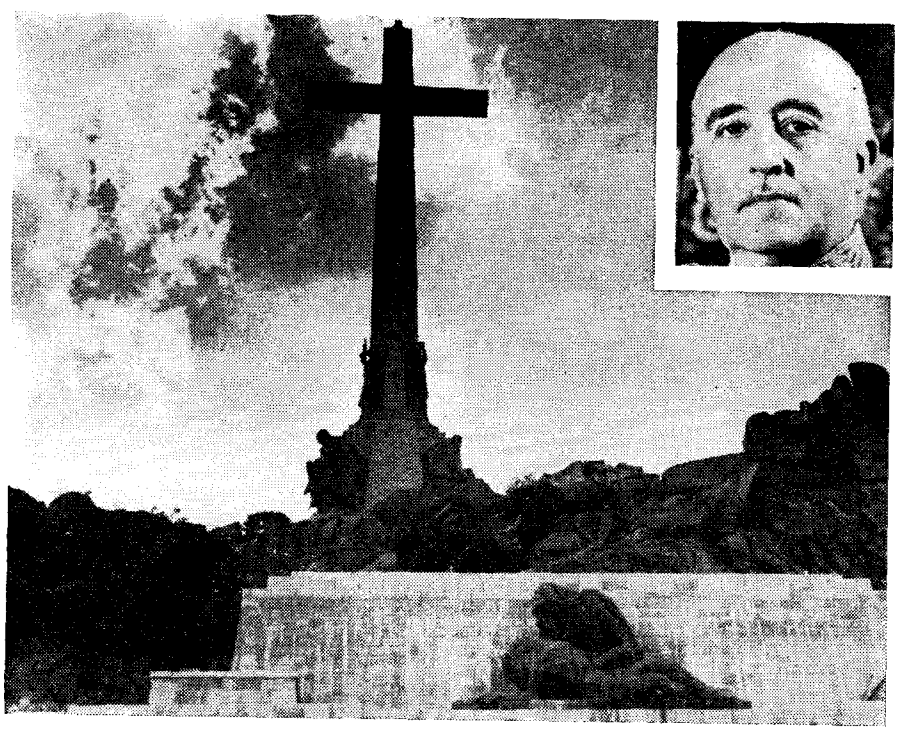
Underneath the main cross, across a broad plaza, and under a giant statue of the Pietá, visitors will be able to enter through a pair of tremendous doors. Great vaulted halls lie inside, then a pair of warriors resting on their swords and, finally, marking the inner entrance, a gargantuan bronze grill. Stretching then for 853 feet is the underground church or crypt. As things stand now there are tapestries hanging from the walls, but many of these will later be supplanted by others specially made in Segovia depicting scenes of the Civil War. Twelve tons of bones of the dead of both sides will be placed behind the chapels and behind the sacristy. Tall organ pipes line the crypt walls alongside the tapestries, but they are for ornamentation only. Loudspeakers hidden in the walls will carry canned music instead. The effect is rather like Forest Lawn rebuilt in the concept of a Pharoah.

The dome of the crypt is lined with a gilded mosaic, one of the most elaborate and costly decorations installed in a church in this day and age. Over 140 feet from the floor, it took fifteen artisans eight months to complete.

Behind the cross is a monastery with private baths, electric dishwashers, and automatic dryers. According to Herbert Matthews, *The New York Times* correspondent who wrote "The Yoke and the Arrows," the whole layout proved too luxurious for the Franciscan order which was supposed to administer the Valley. Besides, *bidets in rooms* set aside for pilgrims seemed a little overhospitable. The more worldly Benedictines, according to Matthews, were called in to take over from the Franciscans.

No official estimate of the cost of the Valley of the Fallen has ever been released, although a United Press dispatch of last February put the figure at $6 million. The new official booklet about the Valley says the cost "has been met from donations given to the Head of the State, both during and after the War of Liberation, by persons interested in the project. Some of these donations have been very large. Money not spent on armaments was also carefully set aside for the national monument to those who fell for God and their country." The question which Americans can ask is, "Was Spanish money saved on armaments because American money provided armaments free?"

It is said to be Franco's hope that the church will be nominated by Rome as a full-fledged cathedral. After all, its front porch alone can accommodate 250,000 people at one time for Mass. So far, aside from the twelve tons of soldiers' bones which will be reburied there, the only other advertised plans call for the reburial of José Antonio, founder of the Falange, who now lies in front of the altar in the church of Philip II's Escorial. He will be moved to a grave in front of the altar of Francisco Franco's *Valle de los Caidos.* As for Franco himself, everyone suspects the Valley is his tomb too, but no one knows. With or without him the Valley is a stupendous companion piece to El Escorial, and as *Die Welt* of Essen has said, it "has to be recognized as one of the wonders of European civilization." —Horace Sutton.



—*Spanish Tourist Office.*

Franco's Valle de los Caidos—"behind the chapels, twelve tons of bones."

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FICTION

Affirmations of Freedom

"Ten Contemporary Polish Stories," edited by Edmund Ordon *(Wayne State University Press. 252 pp. $5) and* ***"The Broken Mirror," edited by Pawel Mayewski*** *(Random House. 211 pp. $3.50), are collections of modern Polish writings. The former was written largely by émigrés from Communist domination, while the latter is the work of seven young Polish Communists who write about life during the Stalinist era. Both books are reviewed by Waclaw Jedrzejewicz, formerly Minister of Education in prewar Poland, who is presently the Whitney Visiting Professor of Slavic Studies at Ripon College in Wisconsin.*

By Waclaw Jedrzejewicz

IN HIS collection, "Ten Contemporary Polish Stories," Professor Edmund Ordon of Wayne State University has chosen unusually interesting authors and works that make excellent reading. This is true in spite of a complicated situation, because there really exist two kinds of Polish literature: in Poland, and among Polish émigrés. The Polish émigrés write with an independence of thought; the writers in Poland do not. And yet, even this latter literature must be divided into two periods: before October, 1956—that is, before Wladyslaw Gomulka's rise to power—and the period following, a period of not quite two years of relatively free writing. This collection includes three writers from Poland (Maria Dabrowska, Jerzy Zawieyski, and Michal Hlasko), five émigrés (Kazimierz Wierzynski, Michal Choromanski, Maria Kuncewicz, Witold Gombrowicz, and Józef Mackiewicz), and two no longer living (Bruno Schultz, and Piotor Choynowski).

Michal Hlasko's "The Most Sacred Words in Our Life" is especially worthy of note. He is barely twenty-six years of age. Endowed with a great talent, he molds with words like a sculptor with his clay, and shows us typical heroes of new Communist Poland. With an uncanny simplicity he reaches into the basic problems of everyday living in present Poland, and shows clearly—without tears of sympathy or sorrow—the tragedy of the younger generation. Hlasko is now living in Paris where he has published a book under the title "*Cmentarze*" ("Graveyards"), a book about life in Poland today, but one which could not have been published in that country. It is a tragic story and will soon be brought out in other languages.

The story by Zawieyski, "The President Calls," is a charming presentation of the thoughts of a child—full of fantasy and romanticism, always rebelling against rationalistic and materialistic restraints.

At the head of the list of stories written by Polish émigrés is "Patrol," by Kazimierz Wierzynski. The most talented of living Polish poets, Wierzynski (now living on Long Island) seldom writes prose; poetry is his métier. In his works in prose, among them a splendid biography of Chopin, he has distinguished himself by the conciseness and directness of his text, and this we see clearly in the First World War reminiscences in "Patrol."

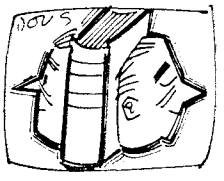
Another especially engrossing story is "Premeditated Crime," by Gombrowicz, who now lives in Argentina.

A most welcome innovation in this book is the information given about the translators—ordinarily neglected in most publications—while the introduction by Olga Scherer-Virski neatly acquaints the reader with the various writers.

The essays, short stories, and philosophical reflections in "The Broken Mirror" are by seven young Communist writers in Poland. They were all published in 1955-1957, the period of Gomulka, and are related to the period of 1945-1953 (till Stalin's death).

The introduction by Professor Lionel Trilling, of Columbia University, gives an excellent description of modern Polish literature. "The writers," he says, "whose work we read in this volume make their affirmations of freedom of mind in indignation and bitterness at the restraints that were put upon their minds, but also in disgust at what they were willing to believe, in revulsion from what they consented to say."

In the more or less free atmosphere after October 1956, these authors write about their lives in Poland during the Stalin period. They are tragic pictures, probably best symbolized by Pawel Hertz's "Recollections from the House of the Dead," the latter part of this title referring to the Polish writers' Union. All moral problems ceased to exist during that time. In his postwar story "The New Philosophical



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TITULAR TWOSOMES

Both fictional characters in each pair below share the same first name, and each is the titular hero or heroine of a book, a story, a song, or a poem. Faye Chilcote Walker of Columbus, Ohio, here gives the surname of each member of each twosome; your job is to supply the given name shared by the two. Answers on page 34.

1. Adair and Goodfellow .....
2. Harum and Copperfield .....
3. Christie and Karenina .....
4. Simple and Ibbetson .....
5. Lapham and Marner .....
6. Eyre and Clegg .....
7. Mistletoe and Gilpin .....
8. Dandin and Apley .....
9. Frietchie and Allan .....
10. Random and Hudson .....
11. Brand and Frome .....
12. Venner and Dinsmore .....
13. Grogan and Brown .....
14. Bede and Bell .....
15. Innes and Hope .....
16. Horner and Brag .....
17. Carvel and Feverel .....
18. Barton and Olivier .....
19. Laurie and Kilburn .....
20. Andrews and Vance .....

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School," Tadeusz Rozewicz writes: "Mistaken are those who say that now, after the war, many difficult moral issues have sprung into being. There is only life and it knows no morality. There are still some remnants, fragments, and recollections of old morality, but one lives, so to speak, apart from them . . ."

The collection contains works by the most famous of young Communists, such as Kazimierz Brandys (whose superb memoirs of the theatre are entitled "The Defence of Granada"), Wiktor Woroszylski ("Notes for a Biography"), and the controversial personality, Leszek Kolakowsli, Polish Marxist theorist ("Permanent and Transitory of Marxism").

All in all, these selections are a good and clear complement to a study of Polish literature in recent years. The problems presented are not easy for free people of the Western world to understand, and for this reason we are more grateful than ever to Pawel Mayewski for publishing this collection and for including exceedingly interesting and informative biographies of its authors.

Portrait of an Ugly Duckling

"Johannes," by Renate C. Wolff *(Simon & Schuster. 313 pp. $3.95), set in a north German city, is the story of an adolescent boy and an awkward girl from Philadelphia. The author's achievement in this—her first novel—is assessed by Richard Plant, who spent last summer abroad studying Germany's postwar writers.*

By Richard Plant

TO COME right out and state basic facts at the beginning: this is not only an excellent novel, it also reveals a deft touch, a mastery of the craft rarely found in first books by young authors. As has often been said, first novels usually are either overwritten or too controlled. Miss Wolff does not always escape the first pitfall; her imagery, her flights of lyrical fancy sometimes take her far away from her material. But it is easy to discard these small flaws. Miss Wolff succeeds in presenting a gallery of pictures that slowly come to life, which speak an individual language and never seem to follow the dictates of a plot. On the contrary, the happenings of the plot appear to be the inevitable consequence of actions by characters whom we have come to know so well that we are able to forget the uninviting background.

This setting at first glance seems truly drab: a small north-German city, probably Thomas Mann's hometown Lübeck, set in the flatlands with no hill to rest the eyes, veiled in the perpetual mists of northern countries and peopled by staid burghers who feel dimly that the industrial century has left them far behind. However, through the author's compassionate art we discover that the people are neither cold nor dull. Just as in the works of the great Scandinavian writers, the coldness serves merely as a mask behind which to hide turbulent emotions.

To stay within the musical realm—Miss Wolff has studied the masters carefully; her introduction is an idyll, slow, lyrical, in the mood of a *lied* by Brahms. And just as Brahms—who owes much to the same background—built his most dramatic symphonies with a certain august leisure, so the action of "Johannes" slowly rises to a crashing climax. As a matter of record, toward the end the author accelerates the tempo of the key scenes; she uses a heavier instrumentation and abolishes what she has cherished most so far: the elegiac style that stamped the early chapters as ballads in prose.

This comes as a surprise. Undoubtedly, the beginning is traditional, a nostalgic reconstruction of olden times, a remembrance of things past, of the "Gemütlichkeit" in the Germany before World War I, an evocation of the sounds, smells, and sights of childhood. All this Miss Wolff has conjured up with a marvelous concreteness, to be sure; though that is something many good writers have presented in their first offerings. But then the miniature tableaus vanish, the glow of nostalgia gives way to the pitiless light of tragedy. We accept this without questioning because we have accepted the drama's leading characters.

Perhaps the novel should have been titled "Anna." For Anna, a clumsy, fey girl from Philadelphia, is the book's most fascinating character. This does not imply others have been neglected. To be candid, this reviewer must give credit to a woman writer for the skill with which she presents the sorrows of adolescent Johannes, the befuddled, defiant, very masculine introvert, a first cousin to Hanno in "The Buddenbrooks." However, it is Anna, the unwanted child, ill at ease in her body, who dominates and triggers the events. The author has given us a surpassingly accurate portrait of the ugly duckling, hated by her glamorous mother, the girl who forever breaks what she is supposed

Between Them And Portugal

By Maxine W. Kumin

THE PART time nudists on south beach
are having a cocktail party.
Under the strict sun they sit in bas relief
with their backs to the cliffs
and their oiled fronts to the ocean

and ships pass before them,
minute spires of ships hugging
the nervous balance of sea touched sky
or sky touched sea. Only the funnels lie
between them and what? Portugal.

Cupping their drinks in the shade
of their bodies, these aspirants
who color at the sight of paradise
guard the hors d'oeuvres from the sand and their eyes
from all but each other's faces

and thunderheads move over them.
Clouds sink their disciplining sun.
Ships sail off the hairline ocean.
Dressing, they turn their backs on Portugal,
awash in their sea, impossible, gone.

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to repair and whose hidden intensity brings destruction to those she wants to love.

Any report on this successful debut must not forget to mention two things: Miss Wolff's mastery of words deserves special praise since she was not born in an English-speaking country; furthermore, those readers who have enjoyed her novel should reread the very first sentence. In the light of the shattering climax it takes on a new significance.

BLUE AND THE GRAY: The uncompromising realism that characterized MacKinlay Kantor's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel of life in a Confederate prison, "Andersonville," is strikingly absent in this collection of twelve stories of the Civil War. Although many of the pieces in **"Silent Grow the Guns"** (New American Library, 35¢) have historical fact as a basis, they are for the most part considerably romanticized; in the final analysis they convey the impression of myth rather than reality.

Mr. Kantor is most successful, it seems to me, when he takes a single historical incident and illuminates it in fictional terms. Perhaps the best of this collection is the title story, in which a wide-eyed boy, hiding behind a sofa in a small farmhouse, witnesses the final surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. In the same way a rather slight little story about the drilling of a group of local guards, while the village alcoholic gazes at them from his favorite cracker barrel, finally takes on a larger meaning; the drunkard, who in the concluding paragraph volunteers his services to the War Department, is none other than Ulysses S. Grant.

Similarly, the gaunt, Bible-reading horseman who reaches into his saddlebags for lemons to refresh a sick country boy, turns out to be Stonewall Jackson; and another gaunt stranger who helps a young woman burn the carcasses which still litter a battlefield is a man named Abraham Lincoln, who has just completed the draft of a speech he plans to deliver the following day at Gettysburg. Less successful are some of the longer stories in which Mr. Kantor piles incident upon incident, and coincidence upon coincidence, so lavishly as to alienate all but the most indefatigable romanticist.

All of these stories were written years ago; they were originally published in a variety of popular magazines, between 1934 and 1941, including *Redbook* and *Country Gentlemen*. Mr. Kantor, it hardly need be added, was then a very young writer. —WILLIAM PEDEN.

THE WORLD

The Inevitability of Sarajevo

"The Shaping of the Modern World: 1870-1914," by Maurice Bruce *(Random House. 970 pp. $10), delves into the origins of today's political perplexities. It is reviewed by C. Northcote Parkinson, professor of history at the University of Malaya, the author of "Parkinson's Law" and a forthcoming study, "The Evolution of Political Thought."*

By C. Northcote Parkinson

FEW readers will realize what an effort went into "The Shaping of the Modern World, 1870-1914," by Maurice Bruce. In just under a thousand pages he has covered the history of this long period, omitting neither Japan nor India, including both New Zealand and the Belgian Congo. A further volume is to follow, moreover, bringing the story down to the present day. The appearance of this immense work, all but three chapters from the same pen, is extremely creditable to author, collaborators, and publisher alike. As the author is director of Extramural Studies at the University of Sheffield, we can accept his plea as to why the book was "longer in the making than it is pleasant to contemplate." We might even go further and remark that it represents more than is produced by those whose well-endowed positions leave them little else to do. This is an impressive work and one likely to be of great value to a wide public. The second and concluding volume may well be of yet greater value to a public wider still.

The merits of this work lie in its balanced judgment and wide information, as well as in its good but unobtrusive system of reference. In the author's words: ". . . The aim has been to produce a fully integrated work which shall be both reliable and readable, and which when complete will be a fully rounded whole, and a contribution to the understanding of the modern world."

THIS aim has been very largely achieved, the main theme being the emergence of Germany as a world power, predominant in Europe throughout the period discussed. The theme is well developed, being sum-

Pick of the Paperbacks

MYTH AND CHRISTIANITY. *By Karl Jaspers and Rudolf Bultmann. Noonday.* $1.25. A distinguished philosopher and an eminent theologian debate the possibility of modern religion conceived without myth. Philosopher Jaspers declares that a mythless religion is impossible, while Protestant existentialist Bultmann maintains that only by removing the "mythological elements" can contemporary Christianity be enlivened.

DICTIONARY OF PSYCHOLOGY. *By P. L. Harriman. Wisdom.* $1.65. From aasmus to zygote, this useful guide defines terms, concepts, and provides brief notes on important leaders—for those interested in psychology and allied fields.

THE JAZZ MAKERS. *Edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff. Evergreen.* $1.95. These bright portraits of jazz musicians (Jelly Roll Morton, Bessie Smith, Dizzy Gillespie), written by various music critics, give a good over-all picture of jazz from New Orleans days to the Fifties. Illustrated with selected discography.

ENGLISH ROMANTIC WRITERS. *By Henry M. Battenhouse. Barron's Educational Series.* $1.95. The somewhat out-of-fashion Romantics are given new vigor in this account of the leading prose and poetry writers of the period.

MEDIEVAL THOUGHT. *By Gordon Leff. Pelican.* 85¢. An English historian's study of the Middle Ages which attempts to prove, and generally succeeds, that the intervening period between the Dark Ages and the Renaissance was not merely transitional but actually had a culture and ideology of its own.

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marized and exemplified in passages such as this:

> It was essentially the power complex in German policy that created the situation which led to war. . . . The Reich's true interest, as Bismarck had always insisted after 1871, lay in the maintenance of peace. Development had come too rapidly, success had been too easy: there was no time to mitigate the stresses of hurried growth, or to build up a world position by slow and easy stages. Germany was a parvenu and uneasily conscious of the fact: as far back as 1880 the British Ambassador had described it as "the most sensitive nation in the world." On the one hand in 1914 was a volume of international trade totaling £1,000,000,000, with foreign investments of £1,500,000,000; on the other, an army on a peace footing of 870,000, more than double the number of forty years earlier. And the last word was still with politics and the power motive.

In this, as in the rest of the book, there is little that has not already been told. A work on this scale is not the place for new facts or novel interpretations. The author attacks no generally accepted beliefs and advances no theory that is new. As against that, the narrative is skilfully put together, with effective quotation from documents and some good delineation of character. When the author states, however, that his story "is one to be read, not to be dipped into for dates and isolated facts" he may be claiming too much. While it is true that "every effort has been made to produce a text which carries the reader on," we may question whether many readers will be carried on for as many as 970 pages. To carry the reader for so long (with another volume to follow) would need literary gifts of a quite exceptional order—such gifts as Mr. Bruce has still to develop. He can write with conviction (see his description of Ulysses S. Grant, for example, on page 732) but seldom in such a way as to make the story live.

Why is this? It is mainly because Mr. Bruce fails to visualize the scene he describes. This whole volume culminates, for example, with the assassination of Francis Ferdinand, the event which plunged Europe into World War I; but he makes only an oblique reference to what actually happened. We are given no picture of the scene, no indication even that the author knows where Sarajevo is. This sort of diplomatic remoteness does not lessen the value of the book. It does reduce the likelihood of anyone reading it from cover to cover.

Vicuñas of Venice

***"The Montesi Scandal," by Wayland Young** (Doubleday. 279 pp. $4), is a report of the significance to Italian politics of a Roman scandal in 1953. The book is reviewed by Stan Swinton, general news editor of the Associated Press's World Service, who as head of the A.P.'s Italian bureau from 1951-1957 covered the Montesi case.*

By Stan Swinton

RARELY—if ever—has a modern democracy been plunged into serious internal crisis by a more unlikely cause than was Italy in 1953.

Wilma Montesi was typical of thousands of young Roman girls. Her family was lower middle class, her father a carpenter. Wilma was not particularly pretty despite her good figure. She was shy, religious, and engaged to be married. Contrary to the lurid stories which appeared later, she was a virgin, proven by medical testimony.

On April 11, 1953, the body of Wilma Montesi was discovered on the lonely sands of Tor Vaianica, some fifteen miles from Rome. She was not half-naked, as the dust jacket of Mr. Young's book and many press reports would have it. However, her shoes, stockings, and garter belt were missing.

To this day, there is no certain evidence whether Wilma Montesi was murdered, died accidentally, or threw herself into the sea.

In the months following, rumor mushroomed. Correspondents in Rome heard the story whispered again and again. Montesi was a beautiful party girl. She had gone to a wild party at a private club near the sea. There was liquor and dope. She was murdered—or died from taking too much dope—and her body was abandoned on the seashore. Important people were involved. The Christian Democratic government had ordered the police to cover up.

Each version varied and no one was sure of the source. The rumor became a riptide. In January, 1954, an obscure right-wing weekly, *Attualità*, published an article by one Silvano Muto. The rumors were in print.

Mr. Young's book is the most detailed and accurate account of what followed. A girl named Anna Maria Caglio testified that the rumors were true. She implicated Ugo Montagna, her former lover, a man of important connections and poor reputation; Piero Piccioni, the jazz-pianist son of then Foreign Minister Attilio Piccioni (who resigned), and Saverio Polito, head of the Rome police. All three were arrested, among others.

—Wide World.

Wilma Montesi—". . . tidal wave of national indignation."

Wisely, the government put off the trial, for in early 1954 Italian people were in no mood for facts. Later, despite wild weeks of hearsay evidence, perjury, appearances of soothsayers and publicity hounds, the trial was to prove conclusively the innocence of Montagna, Piccioni, and Polito—although not until the lives of all three had been ruined effectively.

But to Italians the Montesi case went beyond the individuals involved. It crystalized cynicism regarding the control of influence, money, and connections over their young democracy. It was the Goldfine case magnified ten thousand times, to cite a rough American parallel.

INFLUENCE peddling is not unique to Italy, as our Congressional committees keep proving. But Italians are more cynical about things Italian than most foreigners who know their country well.

The reason is that the contrast between poverty and wealth, between the well connected and the helpless, is greater in Italy than almost anywhere in Europe except Spain.

By creating a tidal wave of national indignation, the Montesi case served an important internal political purpose. It was and is a warning to Italy's center parties that Italians want an extension of political and economic democracy and an end to special privilege. The future of middle-of-the-road government in Italy may depend on whether the lesson has been learned.

Mr. Young's final chapter is a prescient essay on the real significance

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of the Montesi case. It makes stimulating reading, although some may feel it is drawn too heavily in blacks and whites, particularly when he discusses the extent to which the Communists might have benefited had the Government not put off the trial.

The rest of the book is fascinating to the student of Italy but may be less so to the lay reader because of the confusion and complexity of the Venice trial, which takes up most of the pages.

There is some annoyingly sloppy editing, including conversion of lire to dollars at ten times the actual rate.

"Time Is Revelry"

"Tomorrow Is Mañana: An Andalusian Village," by Shirley Deane *(Morrow. 198 pp. $4), is an account of the life in southern Spain and its fiesta philosophy. Reviewer Walter Starkie, who has joined many caravans collecting Gypsy lore, was formerly head of the British Institute in Madrid.*

By Walter Starkie

SHIRLEY DEANE'S "Tomorrow Is Mañana" is a book we can confidently recommend to all thoughtful travelers who look upon life spent in a foreign country as a perpetual quest for essences that lie beneath the conventional mask composed for the benefit of modern "Schedule Philosophers" in their frantic globe-trotting. The author tells how she and her artist husband and two sons set out in quest of a village where they might absorb the *mañana* philosophy of Andalusia, the leisurely philosophy of expanding Time. When they arrived in Málaga, unlike most of their fellow-countrymen, they were in revolt against the English Copybook adage "time is gold" and they soon adopted the corresponding proverb in Spanish *"el tiempo es fiesta"* ("time is revelry"). They discovered that in Andalusia it is not only the poet, the artist, or the rich landowner who looks down on the foreigner: even the poorest day laborer in any village feels compassion for those who were not fortunate enough to be born and live on the banks of the Guadalquivir and the Genil.

The primeval gods of the Tartessian land were propitious to Mrs. Deane when they guided her footsteps to such an amalgam of Andalusian essences as her village of Pueblo, and they were positively bountiful when they bestowed upon her the uproarious Sevillian cook, Hermosa, of the soaring breasts and stentorian voice, to be their guide, philosopher, and friend. Hermosa is the life and soul of the book: She is happier and gayer than anybody and at times as irresponsible and coarse-mouthed as any Gypsy. Equally successful is the author in her portrait of the opposite Andalusian type—the thriftless Concepción, wife of the sugar-cane worker with her six children: "The moment she felt richer she embarked upon an orgy of spending. She bought herself a gay little pair of pink earrings at the market for two pesetas. It was the first jewelry she had ever earned, and though her only dress was in rags she tossed her head higher to hear the earrings jangle and tucked a bright geranium in her hair to match their gaiety."

A half-starved Gypsy would have approved Concepción's extravagance, saying sententiously: "'tis not bread alone that counts, *quiribó*, but the *mantón* my wife will wear at the bullfight on Easter Sunday."

Hermosa, on the contrary, call Concepción a terrible mother t squander her money on such frivolities, and on another occasion rebukes her for taking her children to the circus: she should have saved the pesetas to buy vegetables for soup when autumn comes. But Concepción answers, "The children have been eating all the summer and when autumn comes they won't remember one day more or less of eating. But they have never seen a circus and they will remember it the rest of their lives. They will think of it when times are bad again."

There is the mingled skein of laughter and tears all through this delightful book, and though the author as a good non-Catholic Anglo-Saxon democrat blames the Church for casting a shadow in the morning over her village and the police of the Guardia Civil for casting it back again in the afternoon, would there not be a still darker shadow if there

Flight Report

By Robert Graves

TO BE in so few hours translated from
Picking blood-oranges, mandarins, mimosa,
Roses and violets in my Spanish garden,
Where almonds also bloom like old men's pools
And olive twigs bow under wrinkled berries—
To be in so few hours translated here
Three thousand miles above the frantic, chill Atlantic,
Is something monstrous.

Tell me, how should I act?
Bored (as do my seasoned fellow-birds),
Recalling equally sensational flights
I have taken in my mind's own empyrean?
Or should I register rustic amaze?

The captain in his cockpit tilts the craft
To enchant us with what Coleridge never saw:
An iceberg, towering up from gray pack ice,
Through which the sun, whose dawn we long delayed,
Shines green as emerald—or greener, even.

Fasten your belts! And down we drop at Gander,
In a snowstorm, among firs of Newfoundland,
Then battle against head-winds five hours more
To New York, is it?

And this all began
Monstrously at a Barcelona counter
Where a suave clerk, his mind on smaller things,
Sold me my round-trip-ticket, with disdain
Checking the banknotes as I paid them out,
And grudged me even a formal *bon voyage!*

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were no priests and civil guards?

There is a quaint misprint on page 144; surely Hermosa did not call the effeminate male dancer a big shellfish (*mariscón*) but the more insulting *maricón* (pederast).

THE WORLD OF THE PROPHET: Kenneth W. Morgan, professor of religion at Colgate University, has set himself the goal of presenting the great religions in the words of their own followers. As a sequel to earlier volumes on Hinduism and Buddhism, respectively, the new volume, **"Islam: The Straight Path; Islam Interpreted by Muslims"** (Ronald Press, $6), presents Islam. Eleven Muslim scholars contributed to it, writing originally in seven languages; five authors (including a Palestinian) live in Egypt, two are Indonesians, while China, Iran, Pakistan, and Turkey are represented each by one author. The basic framework of Islam is presented in four papers on its origin, expansion, beliefs, and law, rational and mystical interpretations. The impact and character of Islam in various regions are traced in papers covering the Arab-African area, the Turkish, the Indian subcontinent, China, and Indonesia.

The world of Islam is estimated here at more than 400 millions: 10 per cent in China, 20 per cent in Indonesia, 27 per cent in Pakistan-India, 16 per cent in the Turkish and Arab areas respectively, 9 per cent in non-Arab Africa. Thus one-half of it is in East and Southeast Asia; 71 million—the Chinese and half of the Turkic Muslims,—live under Soviet rule (the figures for China, though, are doubtful and possibly exaggerated). Thirteen centuries of expansion through vast territories with their variety of peoples, tongues, absorption of and coexistence with elements of earlier cultures and creeds, and with a colorful history under the sway of Islam, necessarily open a rich field of variegated human experience, above all in the domain of intellectual and spiritual pursuit.

However, the difficulties inherent in a collective volume are noticeable here: the basic tenets of the faith are expounded repetitiously (by four authors, at least). The exposition is not even. The chapters "Ideas and Movements in Islamic History" (Shafik Ghorbal) and "Interpretations" (A. E. Affifi) contain remarks that will be of interest even to the well-informed reader; the article on the Arab area (Ishak M. Husaini) reads like a piece of fervent Nasserism, with glaring non sequiturs. Furthermore, the knowledge that they are writing for outsiders in the West seems to influence the authors and tend to turn their writing into apologetics.

—MOSHE PERLMANN.

POETRY

Wealth of Animal Being

***"Poems, 1947-1957," by William Jay Smith** (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 90 pp. $3.50), is a collection of the poet's most recent works, as well as his translations from Valéry and Lorca. Our reviewer, John Holmes, is a poet and a well-known critic.*

By John Holmes

"A WEALTH of animal being runs in our minds like music" is a line in William Jay Smith's book, which seems suddenly to sum him up, in his own words. The volume includes "Celebration at Dark," his 1950 volume, and he has added translations, from Valéry, Lorca, and others; a group of his light verses, and new poems in a group entitled "The World Below the Window." A mind he has, and music. It is the animal being quickening these, its wealth poured all through, that makes up the serious exuberance, the Smith style. "You've stood there long enough, combing your hair," he says in "The Girl in Glass," and a catalogue of impatience turns by a small miracle into a love poem.

His poetry springs, the leap always unexpected, and always complete. One poem, "The Letter," begins a stamp's travel carelessly, and ends it in inexorable finality. "Interior" is what, more than the wide world, a dying man sees, "a rose-banked carriage waiting in the rain." One unexpected satisfaction is "Robert Frost: The Road Taken," and another "In Memoriam Wallace Stevens," tributes that in subject and manner tell much about the writer. But just when one thinks he has Smith defined, there comes "Plain Talk," a flat-pawed twang of four-letter indignation. "How rewarding to know Mr. Smith," as he observes elsewhere, and it's a fact. Surprise is one of the rewards, both in the range of subject-matter, and in the skilful adaptation of form and tone to it.

The title poem declares that the world below the window, and the geraniums left last night on the window sill "will be there as long as I think they will." So also "fulfillment in the thought of thought outgoing." In this poem there is affirmation, at one level of the reading, and below that a level that brims the whole, of the sober adult perception of effort, of the steady will that keeps "life life-giving" and the awareness that it can stop or be stopped. This generous sadness, or grave shining, emerges from several levels of meaning and fact in "Independence Day," one of the best poems in the book. The title seems to have ironic bearing; the story comes forward slowly in tones of strength and grief, and goes on being crowded full of the pitiful, the beautiful, the persistent, the absurd, and goes on in the bright day. All this, and a good translator, too. This, and

"And next year, New York gets our May Day Parade."

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lively nonsense, now and then the macabre, again the metaphysical. William Jay Smith, a rare bird, has set himself down here glittering.

UNIMPULSIVE: There is a kind of verse which can leave one with nothing to say about it. It is not badly, unintelligently, or insensitively made, yet it lacks that newness—difference—personality (whatever you want to call it) without which verse is uninteresting and poetry cannot happen. It looks as manufactured as a piece of ordinary window glass. It tends to emulate the English lyric traditions, but I do not imply they should be dismissed because of such verse. On the contrary, the kind I am talking about—and there is a great deal of it—proves how difficult it is to use those traditions freshly.

Rosamond Haas's **"North Portal"** (Dutton, $3) and Jay Macpherson's **"The Boatman"** (Oxford, $3) both illustrate, though in varying ways, this seemingly unimpulsive verse. Miss Macpherson, a Canadian, evidences a mind of her own and yet it is not expressed in distinctive language, and the furniture of her poems, an incessant stream of mythological and Biblical personages, is worn and weary. Miss Haas, one-time winner of the Avery Hopwood Award, writes of flowers and the weather, of cathedrals and children, bids the rain to fall and us to kneel. In some of her poems there is an apparent philosophical base similar to Wallace Stevens's: that thought (or imagination) is the true reality. But mere fancy is not imagination, and I fear both these poets confuse the two in over-familiar ways. —W. T. Scott.

OF CAMERAS AND A POET: In a previous book of poems James Kirkup recorded the wonders of a heart operation. Now, in **"The Descent into the Cave and Other Poems"** (Oxford University Press, $2), his chief poem reports on participation in a British speleological expedition, and he comes up with a wholly unusual underground journal. That this title poem has been broadcast several times on the BBC Third Program is perhaps fair evidence of how successfully Mr. Kirkup has fulfilled his hope for poems that, as he says, are "composed for the human voice, and are meant to be read aloud." The grace of good sound echoes in every poem; so is there the immediacy of a Leica-expert's images, whether it be where "half a snowball crusts each post" in "Another Season," or "When the heat of chance encounter/ Freezes into permanence" in "Football Action Photographs." Yet the limits of a camera's cold lens are too often self-evident in these poems, even as those limits may be self-imposed. "The heat of chance encounter" is precisely what is missing where Mr. Kirkup seems to crouch for the new angle on an old still-life, and sharp as his focus is on "The Kitchen Sink" or, say, "The Garden Wheelbarrow," the gloss is so high that at poem's end he must often point outright to the three-dimensional depth. This verse is so professionally composed that a reader can only wish for further poems in which a more amateur insight might

penetrate to that inner ear where true poetry not only sounds, but hurts, so wonderfully. —Philip Booth.

IN TERMS OF WHOLES: The satisfactions provided by the poems in Christopher Hassall's **"The Red Leaf"** (Oxford University Press, $3.50) are gentle and loosely idiosyncratic. Hassall obviously knows his limitations; he invariably works with material proportionate to his powers. As for "major works," he observes on one occasion, "They are asterisks. It's curious/To observe, in the face of such a fluent scribbler,/How much of plain existence left him speechless." Intensity, then, compactness, and novelty are not the qualities to look for here. On the other hand, the observation is usually crisp; the wit, though modest, is genuine, and the invention is skilful. The poems which juxtapose the past and the present, the singular and the ordinary, are sometimes too long or merely fanciful, and the pervading paradox or irony dissolves into quaintness. But Hassall has his successes, too: "Hoelderlin Among the Statues" is a moment of vision; and "The Chandos Organ" and "Brighton" reveal a gift for the odd and telling perception similar to that of Louis MacNeice's poetry. Such poems do not lend themselves easily to quotation; the long, cadenced line cannot be divorced from its context, nor do the incidental perceptions stand well in isolation. When Hassall succeeds, he does so in terms of wholes rather than of parts. He makes his total effects more impressive than his details. —Samuel French Morse.

TRIVIA OF LIFE: Leaving the contrapuntal music of the poets, the invitation is to hear a young man in a lonely pasture play the ocarina. He plays it exceedingly well; and should you wish to hear it again tomorrow you may suddenly find that his notes have overtones which at first escaped you, that his seemingly disparate little airs are somehow interrelated, and that now and then his music is coming at you from all directions, th way the sound of a winter wren in Canada will flood the valley. You should have your wits about you too, for the player is obviously an unusual individual who deserves but does not ask for an unusual audience.

Such, then, is John Updike in a first book of poems and light verse, **"The Carpentered Hen and Other Tame Creatures"** (Harper, $2.75). Updike is a name in *The New Yorker,* now at large. The owner has developed a maturity of technique; and in almost every instance he approaches an idea with the wariness of a sportsman after woodcock. Furthermore, he is a graceful border-crosser (light verse to poem) as Auden has been; as Betjeman and McGinley frequently are. We pass from excellent light verse, such as "Youth's Progress" to a poem like "Quil[illegible]as bright and changing as t[illegible]d Desert. And the voice or [illegible]ny is not lost in the shift. In some way the trivia of life are more than a swimming-hole springboard for Mr. Updike: they are philosophical source material. At times he is the classicist, tongue in cheek. Occasionally too much the clown: both barrels fail to bring down egret and hoopoe, likely targets though they be. It would take all of "The One-Year-Old" and "English Train Compartment" to show the double reach of his true talent. I offer one ocarina stanza from "A Rack of Paperbacks": "Willey, Waley,"/ Anchor bleats,/"Auden, Barzun,/Kazin, Keats." —David McCord.

ONCE AROUND THE LAKES: If the biography of a poet can be made to rest on a foundation of devotion to the poet's moral tone, of infinite patience with the filing cards that correlate journals, letters, and assorted references to specific passages from the poems; and if that total of personal devotion and saintly patience can be sufficiently melded into a perceptive *vita* by the generous overflow of enthusiastic adjectives, but with no mention at any point of the essential techniques of the poet's craft and its development, nor with so much as a single searching thought that the development of the poet's style is the essence of his life *qua* poet—if all those "ifs" can be granted, then recently published first volume of Mary Moorman's **"William Wordsworth: A Biography"** (Oxford University Press, $8) will do. Certainly the curators of further filing cards on Wordsworth

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will have to read it and note. But speaking for those outside the card-files, I cannot grant those "ifs" and find myself putting down the book as if I had just emerged from a room full of non-existent ether fumes. Come to think of it, I doubt the room was there. —JOHN CIARDI.

CONVERSATIONAL RHYTHM: When Richard Aldridge forgets that he is a poet, the informal lyrics in **"An Apology Both Ways"** (Indiana University Press, $2.75) make effective use of conversational rhythm. Its simplicity lends itself gracefully to the quiet movement in:

> She strolls in landscaped gardens,
> points to where
> Red rose-banks touch the trailing
> willow leaf,
> Or draws a sprig of hawthorn
> down to sniff
> And then returns it, springing, to
> the air.

And in his most relaxed manner, Aldridge can convey childhood emotions and nostalgia without embarrassment.

But too often he is awkward, given to such self-conscious exposition of the poetic process as, "No metaphor proposed itself"; "I asked my pen to talk"; and ". . . You can't just take/ he whole she-bang and make one metaphor." Then, too, his manipulation of rhyme is mannered, and even the colloquial ease vanishes in the maze of intricately designed sonnets and the variety of forms that the poet has learned mechanically, but not well. —ROBERT D. SPECTOR.

SENSUAL AND EAR: In his introduction to Brian Giles's **"A Dead Sparrow"** (Abelard-Schuman, $2.50), Alan Pryce-Jones of the *London Times Literary Supplement* points to the underlying interest of these poems by remarking that Giles's "work shows that he possesses one of the marks of an outstanding poet: he treats each poem as a separate exercise in sensibility." The reader goes on in the book and finds a compact, simply expressed lyric in "Europa," a nervous, broken style fidgeting effectively in "Seven Drafts for an Epitaph," a conversational tone tightened to lyric sharpness in "A Dead Sparrow," or an understated horror in "Goya's 'This Is Worse.'" Now and then—as in "Slow-Rock Boogie"—the hard try shows a self-consciousness and it fails. For the most part Giles maintains within his conjuring of tradition and experiment the integrity of his highly sensual eye and ear. His poems do not at once dazzle; they do a better thing: they impress the reader the more he goes over them. —W. T. S.

ECONOMICS

Seminars on National Solvency

"Prosperity Without Inflation," by Arthur F. Burns *(Economica Books-Doubleday. 88 pp. $1.50), the inaugural volume in a new paperback series, offers the Fordham University lectures by the recent chief economic adviser to President Eisenhower. Our reviewer, Carl Kaysen, is a professor of economics at Harvard University.*

By Carl Kaysen

IN BEGINNING their ventures of reprinting in soft covers important books on economics, politics, and business with Dr. Burns's Fordham lectures, the publishers have chosen well. This small volume offers a readable and vigorous discussion of the vital policy problems of economic stability. The author's ideas deserve a wider audience than the community of academic economists, partly because of his academic reputation as a student of business cycles, but more especially because of his recent position as the chief economic adviser of the present Administration.

There are four lectures: "Recent Inflation in Perspective," "Dealing with Recession and Inflation," "The New Environment of Monetary Policy," and "Public Policies for Coping with Inflation." In the first Dr. Burns points out that the postwar inflation, 1947-57, is not large by historical standards, and in some sense was to have been expected as naturally associated with the large rise of total output during the period. What is new about it, however, is that prices and wages no longer appear to fall with falling output, as well as to rise with rising output. This change in the context of our national policy, as stated in the Employment Act of 1946, of using the full powers of the government to promote high employment and output, presents us with the problem of creeping inflation—continued, if irregular, rise in the price level, checked from time to

Criminal Record

THE WRECK OF THE GREY CAT. *By Winston Graham. Crime Club.* $3.75. Sailors' eatery at Falmouth, England (time: 1898), is scene of slyly-plotted skulduggery with eleven-year-old orphan lad as chief observer; peephole in floor reveals much; missing will, and all that, plus exhumations; barquentine on rocks provides smash climax; lovers' spat adds piquancy. Extra-pleasant period piece.

THE HOURS AFTER MIDNIGHT. *By Joseph Hayes. Random House.* $3. Sibling jealousy is factor in seventeen-year-old American miss's putting self in power of unbright kidnapper (another mixed-up kid); two fathers, one mother, one boy friend, eventually cops cover much ground in 135 desperate minutes. Nerve-twister, as expected.

STAND-IN FOR MURDER. *By Leonard Gribble. Roy.* $2.75. Race Carlin, London eye, takes on wealthy client dumped in his lap by Supt. Arthur Slade of Scotland Yard; homicide speedily involves latter; characters in main not too credible. Spotty.

THE INCUNABULAR SHERLOCK HOLMES. *Edited by Edgar S. Smith. Baker Street Irregulars, Inc., 221B Baker St., Morristown, N.J.* $5. Nineteen units (essays, analyses, dissections, speculations, pastiches, verses), many dating back to pre-First World War, plus editor's introduction, make up this sixth B.S.I. assemblage of "collectanea long out of appearance." An absolute essential for all dedicated students of Canonical (*i.e.*, Conanical) writings.

HEAT WAVE. *By Caesar Smith. Ballantine.* $2.95. Vacationing Londoner knifes wife at spa, meets new and violent love; what-will-he-do-now performance leads up to inevitable climax; programmed affair all the way.

NO ENTRY. *By Manning Coles. Crime Club.* $2.95. Tommy Hambledon, British intelligence ace, stalks German East Zone on trail of vanished Oxford student; corpses develop, as expected; much jollity, also as expected, but undertone rather more serious than customary. On the beam.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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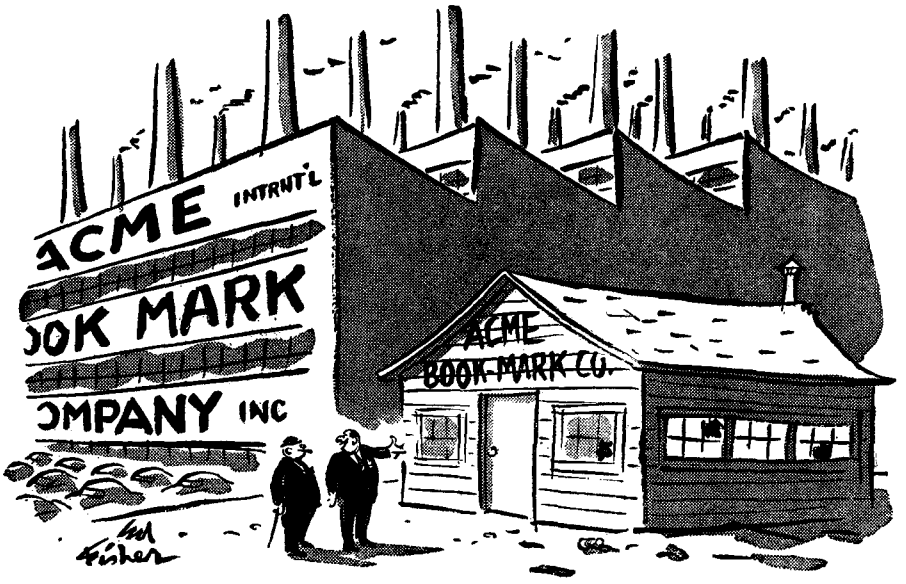

"—And this is the old plant—before I alerted the U.S. to the fact that Russia was outproducing us."

time but never substantially reversed.

The second lecture deals with our unequal willingness to take measures to deal with the inflationary threat and the threat of unemployment. The latter are so popular, the former are not; this difference is reflected in the Congress and the Administration; and so is the vigor and decisiveness of action. Dr. Burns finds a striking contrast between the swiftness and strength of anti-deflationary measures in 1953 and the cautious and even half-hearted anti-inflationary steps of 1955-56. In the third lecture the author questions both the effectiveness and the desirability of measures of general credit and monetary restraint. Federal Reserve actions to increase the rediscount rate, sell government securities, and raise reserve requirements—the traditional instruments of monetary policy for checking a boom—are no longer reliable in an environment in which non-bank financial institutions have grown tremendously in relative importance to commercial banks as sources of business and consumer finances; although they may ultimately work, they do not do so swiftly and certainly. Further, the differential impact of "tight money," especially on small business, raises serious problems.

DR. BURNS'S concluding recommendations are broad: a greater reliance on fiscal policy, including a willingness to run Federal budget surpluses of significant size without reducing taxes; amendment of the Employment Act to state as national policy that price stability is a goal of importance equal to high employment and output, and one to be pursued equally vigorously with all the means at the command of the government.

The most important part of all this is not the intellectual novelty of these propositions, to which I am sure the author would make no claim. Rather, it is the public acknowledgment by the man who was until recently the leading economic adviser of a government espousing "free enterprise" and "noninterventionist" views that traditional monetary policy alone is not a sufficient means for controlling inflation. Major reliance on monetary policy as an anti-depression measure has long since been abandoned by all economists; but this further concession to what has not too long ago been characterized in some quarters as "radical Keynesianism," or "New Deal interventionism" is news. It is good news, too, in that it marks the capacity of our profession to learn from experience, and not to cling to old views on grounds of political dogma.

In discussing fiscal policy as an instrument of stabilization, Dr. Burns seems to assume, without examination, that when the aggregate of private and government demand exceeds the capacity of the economy to produce, it is always government demand which should give way. But this is a matter we would do well to discuss rather than presume: many of our nonmilitary government demands—for schools or hospitals or scientific research or a theater in Washington—appear at least as important as household demands for a new car, a kitchen appliance, or an outboard motor.

These lectures were delivered a year ago. It is legitimate to wonder if Dr. Burns would still see the major problem of the next decade as fighting inflation, still consider it plain that we are better equipped and more determined to deal with recession, still consider rising prices and wages as a problem associated primarily with rising aggregate output. Perhaps on lesson of our recent experience is that we are neither so determined nor so knowledgeable in these matters as we may have appeared to Dr. Burns to be a year ago. Were we ever?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Robin: song, **"Robin Adair,"** by Lady Caroline Keppel; ballad, **"Robin Goodfellow,"** by Ben Jonson. 2. David: novel, **"David Harum,"** by E. N. Westcott; novel, **"David Copperfield,"** by Charles Dickens. 3. Anna: drama, **"Anna Christie,"** by Eugene O'Neill; novel, **"Anna Karenina,"** by Leo Tolstoi. 4. Peter: novel, **"Peter Simple,"** by Frederick Marryat; novel, **"Peter Ibbetson,"** by George Du Maurier. 5. Silas: novel, **"The Rise of Silas Lapham,"** by William Dean Howells; novel, **"Silas Marner,"** by George Eliot. 6. Jane: novel, **"Jane Eyre,"** by Charlotte Bronté; drama, **"Jane Clegg,"** by St. John Ervine. 7. John: book, **"John Mistletoe,"** by Christopher Morley; ballad, **"John Gilpin,"** by William Cowper. 8. George: comedy, **"George Dandin,"** by Molière; novel, **"The Late George Apley,"** by J. P. Marquand. 9. Barbara: ballad, **"Barbara Frietchie,"** by John Greenleaf Whittier; ballad, **"Barbara Allan,"** by Allan Ramsay. 10. Roderick: novel, **"Roderick Random,"** by Tobias George Smollett; novel, **"Roderick Hudson,"** by Henry James. 11. Ethan: allegorical tale, **"Ethan Brand,"** by Nathaniel Hawthorne; novel, **"Ethan Frome,"** by Edith Wharton. 12. Elsie: novel, **"Elsie Venner,"** by Oliver Wendell Holmes; novel, **"Elsie Dinsmore,"** by Martha Finley. 13. Tom: novel, **"Tom Grogan,"** by F. Hopkinson Smith; book, **"Tom Brown's Schooldays,"** by Thomas Hughes. 14. Adam: novel, **"Adam Bede,"** by George Eliot; ballad, **"Adam Bell,"** from **"Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,"** edited by Thomas Percy. 15. Evelyn: novel, **"Evelyn Innes,"** by George Moore; poem, **"Evelyn Hope,"** by Robert Browning. 16. Jack: nursery rhyme, **"Little Jack Horner,"** of unknown authorship; novel, **"Jack Brag,"** by Theodore Hook. 17. Richard: novel, **"Richard Carvel,"** by Winston Churchill; novel, **"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,"** by George Meredith. 18. Mary: novel, **"Mary Barton,"** by Elizabeth C. Gaskell; novel, **"Mary Olivier,"** by May Sinclair. 19. Annie: song, **"Annie Laurie,"** by William Douglas; novel, **"Annie Kilburn,"** by W. D. Howells. 20. Joseph: novel, **"Joseph Andrews,"** by Henry Fielding; novel, **"Joseph Vance,"** by Wm. De Morgan.

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. . . Looks at Writing

Continued from page 10

where writer and reader meet in an effort to understand and to estimate and to appreciate or depreciate the communication between the two.

3) *Reception.* This is the reader's mind, the ultimate end of communication, and the place where the writer's work is either accepted or rejected, praised or damned.

Such are the elements of communication through fiction from beginning to end.

Conception is a laborious period during which a novel is formed and shaped. Each writer has his own method of devising the process, and it follows that I have one of my own. I have expressed it in this manner:

To think about a story to be written was not enough.

There was constant seeing and doing, a finding of the good and evil in people and in all the ways of the world. These were years of motion and movement and travel. And all the while there was meaning to be had in a single harsh word, in blatant laughter, in an affectionate glance.

But there was still more to be done before a vision of the story ould appear.

Like an actor rehearsing his part before he can go on stage in front of an audience, there were cues to be learned, lines to be memorized. Then when that was accomplished, the spoken word had to be transformed into the written word. And, finally, the people of the story had to be those who were able to come out of life and appear at ease while living in the world of fiction.

This, then, is my way of going about the task of bringing to book in printed words the idea to be expressed, the theme to be pursued, and the people and events to be brought to life.

Perception is the testing ground of writing. The writer with his finished work presents it to the reader with the hope that he has found a kindred spirit, a person who will share the feelings and emotions of his image of man. The reader approaches the novel with the hope that he will be entertained, or will profit by the revelations of character and events, or see a vision of life beyond his own horizon.

Regardless of all else at this exhibition on the testing ground of the novel, there must be contained in the story a motivation that is true and meaningful and of human kind. There must be a yearning to love and to despise. There must be the compelling urge to cheer for the ultimate success of a fictional person or to weep over his downfall.

These and many more elements are the everyday bits and pieces of a novel, but all of them are worthless and meaningless unless they are used in such a way by the writer that the reader is awakened in mind and emotions and finds himself concerned and gripped by a fictional character who in the beginning was nothing more than a given name and surname printed on paper, but who, by reason of the writer's sweat and ability, has become in the end even more real and lifelike than life itself.

Reception by the reader is the aim and goal of the writer, for without readers there would be no place in life for writers.

This is barter—swapping a story for a dollar. It is commercialization of talent. It is prostitution of art. But it is also the economics of civilization. A writer requires food for his stomach, and it is a breach of the peace for him to go without clothing. Yet it does not necessarily follow that all writers practice their profession for the sole purpose of making money. I, for one, practice the profession because I have an urge to do so—and I doubt if I could make a living in any other field—but I do wish, for the sake of economics, to be paid for my efforts.

The end result of these three elements—conception, perception, and reception—is communication in the same sense that the telephone, the radio, the newspaper is communication. In the present world of advancing science it would seem that communication in the form of fiction would be more widely spread and universal than it is. Aside from periodic local uprisings of censors in Boston, Detroit, or Philadelphia, there is a most serious threat to the free circulation of fiction.

More and more, nation by nation, writers of fiction are restricted in communication for political purposes, not only with readers in their own countries, but with readers in foreign countries.

This should be a matter of concern to all who live on this globe of earth. Regardless of what country we live in, and regardless of color, religion, and the race to which we were born, we all are human beings. And the human spirit is universal and is not confined to one chosen nation or race alone.

It would be dangerous to become so accustomed to restricted communication that it is accepted without protest. As it is in many nations today, the writer is able to survive only if he devotes himself to propaganda.

WRITERS of propaganda are not communicating with their readers, but only using their talents to serve the use of political schemes. If there is such a thing as the art of fiction, it cannot be practiced without the free mind and emotions of the writer. And those who suffer in greater numbers are the readers in such countries; they are not only deprived of novels of true creation, but are subjected to enervating propaganda—a scientific nerve-gas, a dose of tranquilizing pills that weakens the spirit and falsifies the realities of life.

But this is not the total effect of restricted communication. It prevents the translation of freely created novels from one language to another—from our country to their country, from their country to ours. No advancement in science should be considered to be an achievement as long as the people of the world are the victims of restricted communication—fed the pap of propaganda and rendered as helpless as babes in the woods—because communication itself, vocal, printed, and electronic, is also a science of the first order.

Progress is with us—scientific progress, that is—but human progress will not be able to get up from its knees in all nations of the world and walk freely again until there is universal respect for the human spirit. When that time comes, to all peoples, to all nations, to all races, civilization will have justified its existence on this particular globe of earth.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 789

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 789 will be found in the next issue

GMP BRAAROXKG INHG RJ

NJ NHQXTPJG RW JUG GU

BPAPJB UJP'W UIRJRUJ,

CXG HNGMPH GU SJUY RG.

NJBHP TNXHURW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 788

Progress has been much more general than retrogression.

—CHARLES DARWIN.

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An Adventure in Red Tape

Continued from page 9

Institute for Librarians. Another example of sheer carelessness was the handling of the pictures in the manuscript. They were replaced out of order and out of context.

Some errors of fact were minor: for example, understating the number of Soviet students enrolled in higher educational institutions by a million in a text passage, leaving it correct in a statistical table.

Other errors of fact were serious: By rewording the section dealing with education in the Soviet Constitution—a key translation I had had checked for accuracy by the Russian Legal Section at the Library of Congress and by the State Department—the passage was completely erroneous. It not only said that education was compulsory through grade ten, when in fact it was compulsory only through grade seven, but it also implied that education in the Soviet Union was free only through the primary and secondary grades, when in fact it is free from first grade through graduate study. As a result of this rewording on free education, all subsequent general references to it had also been removed.

Errors of distortion were numerous. In the chapter on teacher training, for example, illustrations of the curricula for each type and level of training had been given. In attempting to "improve" this chapter only two curricula were left in—one for kindergarten teachers and one now practically obsolete for primary school teachers. There is no indication of the kind of training the vast number of secondary schoolteachers receive. That alone was bad enough. But the now almost obsolete program for primary schoolteachers was set forth as representing the training all Soviet teachers get!

Although no new material on Soviet education was added to the book, someone or some group of people in the Office of Education added three and one-half pages of conclusions. With parts of these everyone who knows anything about Soviet education would disagree. The other half of the conclusions have nothing to do with highlights of Soviet education; they summarize education in the United States.

For example, Soviet kindergartens are described as child-care centers, when, in fact, they provide carefully planned educational activities of a greater scope than exist in most American kindergartens.

Soviet extracurricular activities are described as "work activities" of a "voluntary-compulsory" nature. This is not the case at all. Soviet children are required to study a traditional curriculum during their school hours which is heavy on basic subject matter and light on the so-called "frill" subjects. Consequently, extracurricular activities in the USSR serve much the same function as do such activities in the United States—providing children with opportunities for engaging in pursuits of special interest.

The lack of balance is self-evident. Long sections on the historical development of a given segment of Soviet training were left in, while important details and actual examples of present-day study programs and current statistical data are gone. The meat of the chapter on teacher training and the teaching profession was cut to the point of inconsequence, while the relatively less important chapter on vocational and agricultural training remains voluminous.

Errors of omission are the public's loss. The published version does reveal the scope and to some extent the quality of Soviet training. But omitted were references to the all important *how*. It would have been of interest to a curious America to know some of the methods and techniques employed to solve many of the same problems confronting U.S. education today.

Other data cut out which had been specifically requested by consumer groups include: Soviet teacher salary scales; examples of curricula in higher educational institutions; information about the draft exemption of Soviet college students; programs for blind, deaf and dumb, and mentally retarded children; refresher courses for teachers; military training programs in civilian and military schools; the system of training graduate students.

In some ways one of the most inexplicable omissions of all was a carefully compiled selected reading list—a bibliography of key books and major articles resulting from six years research in the subject of Soviet education. Substituted for this was a mere enumeration of those sources cited in footnotes throughout the manuscript—including each reference to such daily newspapers as *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Yet, requests for a selected bibliography head the list of information most often sought by those writing into the Office about Soviet education.

Despite denying intentions to make use of the information left out of the book, requests for release of any or all material not included in the published version were flatly rejected by my immediate supervisor.

IN DISCUSSING the page proofs I pointed out the more significant errors of fact which could have been corrected at very little cost. I learned later why not a single correction was made: the manuscript had already been returned to the press before I saw the proofs!

The book is out now. My name does not appear as the author. I am buried in my own list of acknowledgments as the one who prepared the original manuscript. The Office of Education says the book is a staff study, although no other contributing authors are listed. There weren't any.

Why did I write a letter of protest? I had not planned to do so. It was only after the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and the Commissioner of Education started giving speeches based on material in the book and referring to it publicly as a "careful, factual, and statistical study" that I wrote them what had

Summer

By Ernest Kroll

RIDING a wave of birdsong, onward the sun came
Blazing to undo us. The skies were brazen
From the dawn. At nine o'clock the flies
Drank at the salt lick of my eyes.
At ten the violet leaf had grown
Monstrous, the sycamore horrible.
Noon was a greenhouse, all
Huge leaves surging under forced draft.
Into the woods the birds had fled
In dazed retreat; the day but half complete,
The sun, beyond the zenith, rolled its wrath
West through the world. No mercy in its path.
I waited in the shadows magnified
For death, and dozed in the withering air—
And darkness sprang me from that daymare.

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happened. While there is much material of value in the book, I suggested that it be used with caution. Long, after the letter became public and the furor had died down, I received a courteous note from Secretary Folsom thanking me for my interest.

The book is still being distributed by the Department. To my knowledge, no effort has been made to correct any of the errors in subsequent printings. No one in Health, Education, and Welfare has ever expressed any curiosity about the errors or asked me what was specifically wrong. In fact, to date only two individuals in the Government have made inquiries about the merits of the book: Senator Curtis and Senator Fulbright.

The latter wrote directly to the Office of Education. He was told that the original version was intact and could be inspected. Unfortunately, this is just not true. Much of what was not used ended up in Office of Education wastebaskets. He was also told that the book as released by the Office was reviewed and approved by specialists, specifically by the State Department. This also is untrue. It just so happened that the State Department expert on Soviet education had been reassigned overseas shortly after reviewing the original version of the report. A new man to the subject of Soviet education had taken his place, and I was called in as a consultant by the State Department to help him out. Naturally, when a manuscript from the Office of Education arrived at his desk he presumed it was the one I had prepared and which his predecessor had already spent hours checking. Is it any wonder he routinely routed it back as satisfactory without giving it another look?

Perhaps all these details are unimportant now. At least they should be. The American people have been duly warned. In his second televised address to the nation following the launching of the Soviet Sputniks President Eisenhower cited one of the highlights in my book pointing out the very real challenge Soviet education presents. And he charged Americans with re-examining their local school curricula.

It is now many Congressional hearings and one school year later. Has anything really significant been done to improve our educational system, much less bring it up to the level necessary to meet Soviet competition? Has there been any dynamic Federal leadership spearheading a popular drive for better schooling for *all* our children? Have we Americans been jolted out of our complacency, or just nudged temporarily?

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(Continued on page 38)

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REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

TWO ROOM COTTAGE, furnished. Danbury near lake. PI 8-7431.

For Sale

NO PRESENT LIKE THE PAST! Updated oldtimer, reasonable Timberlands, water, hills, view. Fosdick, Claremont, New Hampshire.

WHITEFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Solid house furnished with American antiques. Three bedrooms, one and one-half baths, oil heat. 30 acres hayfields and woods. Near finest hotels but with complete privacy on Hall Road. Panoramic view White Mountains. Write Lois Fair, Greenwich, Connecticut.

OLD COLONIAL on shady lane, beautiful views. Seventy miles New York. $20,000. Poughkeepsie. GLobe 2-5479.

For Rent

CHARMING SWISS CHALET in Green Mountains. Every convenience, furnished. Three fireplaces, pool. Will lease September through June 1959. Forest Farm, Jamaica, Vermont.

EIGHT ROOMS, furnished. Porch, terrace, steam oil from September to May. Danbury, near lake. Rockwell Road, PI 8-7431.

TRAVEL

EUROPE 1959. ECONOMY TOURS. By ship: "Grand"—77 days, 18 countries, $1,245. "Standard—55 days, 13 countries, $1,025. By air: "Grand"—63 days, 19 countries, $1,335. "Standard"—43 days, 13 countries, $1,095. Italy, Britain, Scandinavia in all itineraries. Frequent departures June, July. Prices include trans-Atlantic passage, luxury motorcoach transportation, hotels, meals, sightseeing, entertainment. Expertly conducted. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

VACATIONS

MUSIC INN AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Close to Tanglewood and Honegger. Adjacent to Music Barn and Hampton. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence too. Write Stephanie Barber.

TENNIS—CAPE COD. 5 Clay courts. Quiet area. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Provincetown, Mass.

FRENCH LEAVE . . . "for your second honeymoon when you know what you want"—the Bahamas' newest and most talked about hote'—sits smack on a mile and a half of gorgeous pink beach. Spring, Summer and Fall are particularly delightful. Write French Leave, Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera, Bahamas.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeaque Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Friendly, relaxing, informal. For the artist or anyone seeking beauty, peace and quiet. Golf course—American Plan—Brochure.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare natural beauty. Elevation 2000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT. Cornwall Guest House. Brochure available. Breakfast only. Virginia Graham, HOpkins 2-2432.

SEPTEMBER IN THE ADIRONDACKS. The Log House, Thirteenth Lake, North River, New York. 2100 feet elevation. 600 acres midst Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

SUMMER VACATIONS on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrra'n 8-0700 (NYC).

CLAREMONT HOTEL. Southwest Harbor, Maine. Situated on Mount Desert Island, the Island of Acadia National Park. June twentieth to September fifteenth.

LABOR DAY WEEKEND on a glorious lake in deer woods, usual resort sports, good music, deliciou meals, rustic Lodge and cabins, barbecues, plenty to do. Low fall rates from September 6, CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. 500 acres Berkshire woodland beauty. Cottages; fireplaces. Excellent food.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Charming resort estate. Concert trio. Sally Ray folk, square, social dance leader. Crafts. All sports. Summer stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Slightly famous. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

PRIMITIVE MOUNTAIN CAMP, literary, basic conveniences, plain food, one person. Box F-229.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Green Mountains, Manchester, Vermont. Charming Alpine chalet. Food for the discriminating. Rest for the weary. Inspiration for writers, artists. Folder.

WOODHOLME LODGE on Seventh Lake in the ADIRONDACKS. Home cooked meals served family style. American plan. $50 to $58 per week—$8 50 to $10 per day. Write R. W. Keough, Box S 357, Inlet, New York.

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA. Life is leisurely and gracious at PETER PAN LODGE. Magnificent ocean views. Epicurean food. Even breakfast in bed.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIANS—Share ownership of cabin in Yosemite above valley floor for $1,000. No conflict in use schedule. Jeep attached. Divine spot. $400 this year, balance later. Box F-224.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1272

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. European herb, *Levisticum officinale*, cultivated in old gardens for a remedy.	146 131 21 47 123 116
B. The hard black rubber used for combs, etc.	104 135 96 41 57 145 133
C. Like a mischievous little creature.	67 18 121 91 2 68
D. Name of the King's messenger in "Through the Looking Glass" who took Anglo-Saxon attitudes.	151 117 95 58 62 1
E. Kowtow (2 wds.).	5 17 49 29 11 164 97
F. Macerated.	105 22 150 60 28 73
G. Most black-dyed.	37 127 103 114 44 70 77
H. Hit hard, esp. with a smashing blow (chiefly U.S.).	142 45 50 8 138 63 26
I. Ideated.	61 75 4 53 120 23 144
J. What Dr. Johnson said the traveler Jonas Hanway had "and that a wrong one!" (2 wds.).	163 43 136 40 118 87 20
K. The pendulous part of a bloodhound's ear.	162 24 76 94 159 140 134
L. A short upper garment, with sleeves.	52 98 102 33 165 74

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Constructing a web to catch prey, as of a spider.	111 143 80 65 93 166 30
N. Longest tunnel in the world.	9 152 46 15 113 78 92
O. Give right to; qualify (someone) for.	6 88 10 122 158 130 19
P. Acetylene.	160 38 124 101 153 112
Q. Violin stroke, from frog to point of the bow (comp.).	27 12 36 82 155 31 132
R. What's left of a cone after the top is cut off.	129 7 14 167 55 84 66
S. To sin; displease.	119 79 161 147 148 86
T. An equilateral parallelogram with oblique angles.	56 39 35 90 100 156 54
U. The jumping spiders.	128 64 125 126 137 25 81
V. Songbird famous for its almost perpendicular rise in flight.	109 42 141 99 71 3 115
W. Ringing and musical; also, pompous and bombastic.	149 85 89 16 32 107 13
X. That which does not exist; or a thing of no value.	34 83 157 59 72 48 108
Y. Professional singer and dancer of Japan.	154 69 106 51 139 110

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

								1 D	2 C		3 V	4 I	5 E	6 O	7 R	8 H		
	9 N	10 O	11 E	12 Q	13 W		14 R	15 N		16 W	17 E		18 C	19 O	20 J	21 A		
22 F		23 I	24 K		25 U	26 H	27 Q	28 F	29 E		30 M	31 Q	32 W		33 L	34 X		
35 T	36 Q		37 G		38 P	39 T	40 J	41 B	42 V		43 J	44 G	45 H	46 N	47 A	48 X		
	49 E	50 H	51 Y		52 L	53 I	54 T	55 R		56 T	57 B	58 D	59 X	60 F		61 I		
62 D	63 H		64 U	65 M	66 R	67 C		68 C	69 Y		70 G	71 V	72 X	73 F		74 L		
75 I	76 K	77 G		78 N	79 S	80 M	81 U	82 Q		83 X	84 R	85 W		86 S	87 J	88 O		
89 W	90 T	91 C	92 N	93 M	94 K	95 D	96 B	97 E	98 L	99 V		100 T	101 P	102 L	103 G	104 B		
105 F	106 Y	107 W	108 X	109 V		110 Y	111 M	112 P		113 N	114 G	115 V	116 A		117 D			
118 J	119 S	120 I	121 C	122 O	123 A	124 P	125 U		126 U	127 G		128 U		129 R	130 O	131 A		
132 Q	133 B	134 K		135 B	136 J	137 U		138 H	139 Y	140 K	141 V		142 H	143 M	144 I	145 B		
146 A	147 S		148 S	149 W	150 F	151 D	152 N	153 P	154 Y		155 Q	156 T	157 X		158 O	159 K		
160 P		161 S	162 K	163 J	164 E	165 L	166 M	167 R										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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THE EDITORS OF AMERICAN HERITAGE INVITE YOU TO JOIN THEM IN LAUNCHING A NEW MAGAZINE

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A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

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